The Saturday Evening Post

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FAREWELL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY E. A.

Thou hast made thy choice—
So be it, then, we part.
Oh, God, that I have lived
To see this day.
To know thee false—to see
Thee as thou art,—
The idol I have worshipped—
To find it clay!

Farewell to all my dreams of
Hope and joy;
Farewell to all that made life
Seem so bright.
That life I deemed such
Bliss without alloy,
Has changed to dark,
Despairing, endless night.

But leave me now. 'Tis time
We two should part—
Lest in my agony, I should
Forget my pride;
And let thee read the language
Of my heart—
That I still love thee—more
Than all beside.

CUT ADRIFT:*

OR,

The Tide of Fate.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,
AUTHOR OF "SYDNIE ADRIANCE," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT BAY.

Catherine found her way to the door and pulled the bell. Mary, the round, rosy kitchen girl answered it, and not having Mrs. Maybin's care and scrutinizing habits, went for her master without a question, returning immediately to her own domains.

Mr. Tremaine looked at his visitor a moment or two. "Why, Mrs. Dawson!" he said in surprise. "Will you walk in?" and he would have ushered her through the hall.

"No, sir. I came to say—" lowering her voice, and glancing cautiously around, "that Mrs. Tremaine is here and wishes to see you."

"Here! Where?" And Ralph Tremaine turned deathly white, while his hand shook visibly. Catherine was in the mood to construe these as signs of faithlessness.

"In the evergreen walk," she answered.

"Why doesn't she come to the house?" Somehow he did not like the idea of Dora cowering out there beyond, as a fearful fugitive might.

"I think she had better not, Mr. Tremaine;" and Catherine's voice was sharply cold. "She came up as far as the bower and saw you—talking—"

Then Mr. Tremaine flushed. He had said nothing, offered no courtesy, not even entertained a thought that he would not have done in Dora's presence. He was a man who could ill bear to be doubted and prejudged, and he felt from Mrs. Dawson's tone that she and Dora had done both. In his estimation Dora was the criminal, not the accuser.

"Yes, I will go with you," he said nervously, catching at his hat that hung in the hall, and glancing around. Mary was down stairs in the laundry, singing, Mrs. Maybin out. He could pick his way to the evergreen walk without being noticed from the front of the house. So he strode on in a strange heat, bordering on indignation.

Dora sat on an old moss-grown stump just where Catherine had left her. Hearing his step she essayed to rise, but her limbs refused their wonted support.

This was not the tender, pitiful face that she had pictured so many times. Stern, impatient, questioning her right to be there at all, it seemed to her.

"Dora!"

The tone roused her to rebellion.

His brain was wandering strangely. She had been ill he had heard, but these brilliant eyes and scarlet cheeks hardly betokened it. Indeed the peculiar rays of twilight did give her the glow of perfect health.

"You don't want to see me!" she began fiercely. "I interrupted your delightful evening. Oh, I saw you reading to *her*, and she smiling and fond as if a lover was wooing. Just a month, Ralph Tremaine! So, a man's love cannot last even that long!"

She could not have made a worse beginning. Tremaine felt how little cause she had for such an accusation, and how small a right she had to judge. For a month Jasper Cameron had been allowed free access to her presence, and he virtually shut out.

"Dora, you do not know what you are talking about!" he said sternly.

"Oh!" She gave a bitter, sneering laugh. "I am wiser, perhaps, than you think! I read the plot easily enough. I know with whom that woman is leagued. She wishes to keep me away until she is secure of her

[*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

SHE STAGGERED BACK AS IF HE HAD STRUCK HER.

claim on you. Ah, I saw the love in her eyes, in her smile. And once you cared for her, you confessed it to me!"

"Yes, I told you that years ago I had loved Edith Lester. I will tell you now that she was less false to me than she seemed, and that circumstances were as much to blame as she. But you are quite mistaken when you think there is any plot. She and her mother came to Woodlea on my invitation, and she has not the unworthy motives that you ascribe to her. By a strange accident she heard of my—my misfortune," and his voice broke a little.

"Jasper Cameron told her."

Some strong impulse led Dora to utter this, though it was one of those guesses savoring of prescience.

"Yes, Jasper Cameron told her. They had met abroad, and by accident they went to the hotel where he was staying."

"And you don't believe it to be a plot?"

There was a stinging scorn and commiseration in her voice that roused him to anger.

"Was his marrying you part of the plot?" he asked. "Dora, tell me you are not *his wife*, and I will believe you."

"I married him," she answered in an unshrinking tone. "It was a child's folly, for I was barely fifteen. And I thought him dead long before I knew you, but it seems that the sea does give up its treasures!"

The words were freighted with hard, bitter scorn.

Ralph Tremaine stood silent. Could he ask Dora's confidence when she seemed so disinclined to give it?

"I suppose you have no plans?" he asked after a while.

"What are yours!" was the sharp reply. "It would be an easy thing to repudiate me now, when the law gives me to another. Yes, I suppose I *am* his wife. And when you are quite free you'll marry this beautiful Mrs. Merrivour. I never was handsome, Ralph. I never had any claim or charm strong enough to lead you to look leniently on my faults and mistakes. Yes, you will marry her. I may as well go. I was wild to come!"

She rose and swayed uncertainly forward, but summoned an almost superhuman strength. Better that she had fallen in his arms, or at his feet.

"Dora, I think you are out of your senses," he returned sternly. "You deceived me in the beginning, you married me, knowing this terrible secret lay between. I understand now your capricious moods, why you always desired to shut me out of your heart, why you never appeared to love me wholly. There was an old tenderness for your first love. God knows that I could have forgiven it, had you but confessed. How could you take every secret thought of my soul, for there was not one that I did not give you, and never offer me a return? Why, if you had any heart, any conscience, they must have upbraided you continually! And I tell you to-night that I have more respect for the girl who wavered in her love and allowed herself to be over-persuaded, than for her who could act a deliberate lie with a smiling face, who could pillow her head on her husband's heart while she knew her own was full of cruel treachery!"

Ralph Tremaine must have been strongly moved to thus upbraid her. Just then he did feel his wrongs bitterly.

As for Dora she understood that she had been condemned utterly. Seen in this light her sin did look black, and convincing him of the truth appeared a hopeless task.

"Then you think Jasper Cameron is my legal husband?" she said. "You advise me to renew my vows to this man who has shown so deep a tenderness, such unwavering fidelity? Oh, you are all alike,—cruel! cruel!"

"You have made your own plans, Dora, and I will not attempt to sway you. If you had come to me at first for advice—"

"Come to you!"

Oh, the scorn of that retort! It stung him keenly. He was looking at her long absence, the days when he had lived through agonies of uncertainty, the story that he had first heard from Jasper Cameron, and her angry subterfuges now, when she might justify herself instead, if she had any justification to make. And she was brooding over her days of helpless illness, when he was not moved by any tender sentiment to come near her. Did he care for her?

"Yes, Dora. Unreasonable as you are, you shall hear the truth. After nearly two years of deception, it was your place, as soon as you knew of Jasper Cameron's existence, to come to me at once. Do you suppose that I, or any other sane man, would believe that you went down to the city and met him by the merest accident? Remember that you had told me shortly before that you could not come at all, as the dressmaker was to be here. Well, she never called. There are many mysteries about that morning that I might ask you to explain, and should if—the matter came to a simple issue between ourselves." That was not quite what he meant to say, and he stumbled a little over it.

The gulf was closing around her frightfully. He never meant to receive her back as his wife, she knew that now, and her brain swam round while a heaven of stars danced before her eyes. Of what avail were defence, explanation, anything? He held her as a guilty, treacherous, miserable creature, and in his estimation she could never be true and honorable again. She wondered that she did not fall dead upon the spot, I think she prayed that she might.

"You did love me once," she said wanderingly.

"Dora, you can never question that. If it is any satisfaction to hear me say it again, God alone knows how dear you were to me. I would have staked my life on your truth and sincerity, and it is bitter to be so deceived. You must have felt that you could have trusted me with anything, trifling fault or absolute sin, and found a lenient judge. But when a man has once been so cruelly betrayed, faith cannot be restored in a moment. There were many happy hours in our life together, I give you full credit for all your good efforts. And if sometimes I had another dream—of children who were to smile in my face with their mother's eyes, I thank God now that it never was fulfilled."

His voice sank nearly to a whisper. Dora started forward, for now the twilight was full of dun and purple shadows.

"If there had been," she said, every nerve within her quivering, "if there had been a little child, and all this came upon us; if I went away into exile and was no longer your wife, what then?"

"*It* would be mine," he answered almost fiercely.

She staggered back as if he had struck her. Indeed, there came about her mouth some blue lines like the print of cruel fingers.

"Catherine," she called faintly, "let us go. It is growing late."

Tremaine would have assisted her, but she drew back haughtily.

"I am another man's wife," she said with mocking bitterness.

"Dora—" he made an attempt to clear his voice, but it was still husky—"I told Jasper Cameron that you should be quite free—perhaps at first I might have tried to bias your decision, but now, when the time has ended, you have only to announce it to me, and I will make myself satisfied. If you have any directions to give about anything—your clothes will be sent, or whatever you like. Any message will reach me safely at the store."

"Yes," she said wearily. He was casting her out then, forever.

"And if—"

But somehow he could not utter it. If Jasper Cameron had lost his power to charm, what then? Had *she* shown any repentance, any signs of returning tenderness? Did she think this terrible deception was merely a girl's careless freak, to be easily pardoned?

"Ought you to go?" he asked. "It is growing late."

"Yes;—don't come any farther," for they had reached the road.

"I should attend you home—"

"No, no!" She shook him off impatiently.

"As you like." He was too much wounded to urge the matter. "Good-by, Dora"—with a lingering intonation. Now that she was going he experienced a curious and strong desire to compel her to remain.

She merely made an inclination of the head.

"You intend to stay with—Mrs. Dawson?"

"I do." The voice had a clear, haughty sound.

He watched them passing like shadows under the trees. Then he stole softly on and on down the road until he came in sight of the station. They had hardly stepped on the platform when the train made echoes in the distance. Nearer, nearer with its crash and sparks of fire. The conductor sang out his warning, and the great thing started slowly again like a huge writhing monster. Still Ralph Tremaine stood in his hiding place, watching the lonely station with its one fiery light, and going back to the old feeling of desolation.

How many times he had dreamed of an interview with Dora! It was to be quite accidental, and she sweet, tender and penitent. Some way she was to explain all these dark and suspicious circumstances, and even make the secret that she had kept so long, seem less like premeditated deceit. She was to hate Jasper Cameron and beg him to fight her battle, and with the aid of the law they were to be rid of him honorably and come back to their lost happiness.

But it had been so very, very different. He had not said any of the things he had fancied he would, and she had blamed him in the very beginning for a piece of simple hospitality. Granting that he could be free, he was not likely to offer such a worn and hopeless heart to Edith. No, Dora did him the deepest injustice. His vision of her as she had been was enough.

And then to accuse her of being leagued with Jasper Cameron! Why Edith and he were barely acquaintances, and she had seen him but once since her return, before her visit at Woodlea had been broached at all. He was villain enough for anything, but Edith was above such petty trickery. He wished Dora had not said it. And then her stealing up to the house, her wildness and anger! It was all so unlike the straightforward woman he had thought her. Still, how much was fair and honorable about her when she had kept this secret from him so long?

It had been a very painful and unsatisfactory interview. She had denied nothing. He had learned no more of her real feelings than from Cameron. With a heavy sigh Mr. Tremaine entered the house. He would fain have gone to his room at once, but that would hardly be courtesy.

"My dear Ralph," Mrs. Lester exclaimed, "we thought you spirited away! Why how pale and anxious you look!"

A lighted lamp was burning on the centre-table. He colored a little as Edith surveyed him.

"Some troublesome business," and he tried to smile. "It has given me a headache, so I will not bore you with my stupidity."

Edith's first impulse was to try her charm in detaining him, but she refrained.

"How foolish and unjust Dora's suspicions were," he thought, as he wished them both good-night.

And if Dora could have seen him for the next few hours!

She and Catherine went their way in silence, unmolested. At the depot in the city they took a hack, and were driven homeward. Catherine chafed the cold hands and let the throbbing head rest on her bosom. Poor Dora, indeed!

"Help me up stairs, Catherine," she begged wearily. "You can tell Mark all afterward."

"My stricken, forsaken bairn!"

"Oh, Catherine, how hard it is! I suppose God is just when He brings all our secret actions to light, but it seems as if I had hardly sinned in this, and why must I be punished so sorely? Why doesn't His wrath overtake Jasper Cameron? Is it murder in my heart when I feel sorry that he wasn't drowned years ago? And Ralph forgives Mrs. Merrivour for blighting some of his best hopes, but has no mercy for me. Some day she'll be happy with him, and I'm an outcast! Fate has been against me since that day. I ought to have told him on the morning when we were so happy. Now it's too late. He will never, never believe me again!"

Since Dora's recovery a cheerful airy room on the second floor had been given her. Catherine moved softly about, disrobing her, smoothing the tangles from the soft hair, and watching with strange dread the wan face and stony eyes. There was nothing brilliant about it now. The lips looked pinched and blue, the cheeks were sunken, the features sharpened and haggard.

"But it's so hard, Catherine!" the dreary voice murmured like a sad-toned rivulet. "Oh, why can't miserable people die! To think of living years and years without any hope, any smile to cheer, or any human soul to be glad that you are alive. For now I'm so utterly adrift. He will never take me back. I have sinned fearfully against him. It's all over, hope, happiness, everything."

"My bairn, I think God does see and care. He hears all who cry unto Him in their distress."

"Perhaps I don't cry aright. I feel chilled and stupid. I can only think of my great pain, and how I am to bear it in all the years to come."

"He will take care of that, my child, my poor darling."

And so she soothed her and persuaded her to lie down, sitting beside her and bathing the aching brow, until the plaintive voice no longer murmured. Then kissing the cold hand she went down to Mark.

"It was a crazy step," Mark declared, in his man's way. "If he wanted her he'd 'a come, and not let her stay here week after week, alone. But I'd never believed that Mr. Tremaine was the man to forget a wife he'd loved, and he won by another woman's beauty. Hark!"

They both listened to a weak and wandering footstep overhead. Catherine flew to Dora's room.

Like a ghost she glided up and down, her face as white as the night dress she wore—her soft hair falling loosely over her shoulders, and her hands clasped.

"Oh, Catherine," she said, "pity me a little. I think I know how those lost souls feel, who, when life is insupportable, take one fearful step and end it."

"Oh, Miss Dora! Oh, child!"

"I'm so much trouble to every one. Poor mamma in her grave—perhaps I'm punished for that, too! Did I ever make anyone happy, I wonder? Not even Ralph, or he would have been more tender. And he will love *her*, and let her smile on him as she did to-night, while I am cast out, a wanderer!"

"Hush, child, you break my heart. Lie down again and let me talk. Don't fret about the old things. God doesn't remember them against you, but forgives fully. And though it may be a long way out to the light, there is a sure path."

She lapsed into quiet at length, but lay with wide open eyes, tearless, as if they were never to weep again. Now and then a little moan to show that she was still alive.

And Catherine, when talking failed, fell into a low chaunt of some brave old hymns. A touch of the voice of girlhood which had been cheerful and sweet, tremulous now, but still comforting. And so the night passed.

CHAPTER XX.

A NEW CLAIMANT.

Leonard Colby entered his office with a brisk step, considering that the day was July and rather warm. He wore a satisfied look, somewhat removed from his late careworn expression. In truth he was feeling quite at ease. He had been spending a week with his family at their summer resort, enjoying their happiness. Isabel was full of blushes and little mysteries, Arthur the most devoted of lovers—and the wedding-day was already appointed for the third of September.

Mr. Colby demurred a little at this date—why, he could not explain.

"The steamer sails on that day," Isabel had said. "We mean to have a very quiet

wedding early in the morning, and be off before any one is aware."

As well then as any time, he thought afterwards. He had quite made up his mind to the course he meant to pursue. He would bind Jasper Cameron to leave the country immediately, and Mrs. Tremaine would be freed from his persecution. He meant to interest himself in her behalf, and see that the matter was amicably settled between her and her husband. *He* would be saved to be sure, as if this indeed was a minor consideration.

So he felt quite at ease, especially when on looking over his letters he found none from Cameron, who was now delighting Saratoga with his presence. When he had finished everything he turned to his head clerk.

"Anything of note happened?"

"No. Dull, tremendously dull, but it's lucky with such weather;" and the poor fellow sighed, thinking of Lake George.

"Oh, there was a young man here yesterday, who wished very much to see you. Coming again at three to-day," he explained as an after thought.

"What sort of a person?"

"Rather superior, I should say. Foreign looking."

"Business, I suppose."

"Very urgent, he said."

"Did he leave any name?"

"No. He took out a card first, but reconsidered. I saw the name on his memorandum book. Rather long and beginning with a 'W.'"

The cheery face gloomed a trifle at this. There was Walsingham for instance. Suppose the scapegrace son had married again? Bah! what would such a claim be worth?"

"How did he look?"

"Tall, and decidedly handsome, though his beard was—not red exactly, but leaning toward that hue," and the clerk grinned.

"It's twelve now," said Mr. Colby, and that ended the conversation.

Yet a rather nervous feeling hung about him. It looked a long way to the third of September. If that fatal date were well over!

Punctually at three the stranger came. A fine, fresh-looking fellow of twenty-three or four, with an unmistakable foreign air grafted upon American birth.

"Mr. Colby," and he bowed with the grace of a prince.

"Yes. At your service. You were here yesterday, I believe?"

"I was," with another inclination of the head.

"Is your business confidential?" the lawyer asked rather pompously.

"I prefer seeing you alone, certainly."

With that Mr. Colby took him into the private office and begged him to be seated.

There was a curious energy and earnestness about the young man in spite of his very marked grace and ease.

"In the year 16—you had a client—Giles Walsingham, by name, I believe?"

Colby started, turned pale, and red, then passed his hand over his moist brow. Why should this meet him at every turn?

"I have been informed that you did his legal business, and that his fortune was left in trust with you?" the young man resumed.

Colby bowed his head, for he could not command his voice.

"The time for claiming it has not yet expired, I believe?"

"Not until September," and Colby groaned inwardly.

"Then it is mine," the young man exclaimed joyously. "I am Giles Walsingham's grandson."

Mr. Colby did not mean to be outwitted. "There is a good deal to be proven first," he said, determined to make a brave stand.

"My mother can prove all that is necessary," the other remarked quietly. "We have both read the copy of the will on record. She is in the city."

Leonard Colby was stunned. He had seen Mrs. Walsingham in her younger days, and would be sure to know if these were trumped up claimants.

"You have not been in the country?" he said vaguely, his eyes wandering slowly around.

"No. My mother went abroad just nineteen years ago, and this is my first visit to the land of my birth."

"Do you know whether you ever had a sister?"

"Yes. She was eighteen months younger than I, and adopted by a friend, but she died while still a child."

Colby ground his teeth. Cameron *had* sold him then! All along he had distrusted some trickery, but he had not dared to put his claim to the test. Now he fell into deep thought. Could this man bring positive proofs?

"Pardon me," he said with an attempt at blandness, "if I seem to be suspicious. There has already appeared one claimant for the fortune."

"Oh, yes," and young Walsingham laughed. "We are prepared to prove our truth," with a touch of pride. "Indeed, I could have my mother here in half an hour. Shall I go for her?"

"Yes," Colby returned, glad to be rid of him even for that brief while.

As the light footsteps died away, he looked around in frantic, unreasoning despair. If it came to the worst, if these people could prove their identity—and the old phantom of ruin stared at him. Nothing that he could place his hands on and fly at once—what a fool he had been all these weeks! Why not have taken some precaution at the first alarm? He glanced up and down the deserted street, he opened and shut the private drawer with a nervous jerk, he paced the room in frantic haste; but before he had decided upon any step, his visitor returned, accompanied not only by a lady, but a legal friend as well.

He sank down in despair. They had taken some advice then, established their claim, and before to-morrow it would be the town talk. Helpless on every side!

"I think I have met you before, Mr. Colby," the lady said, in a soft, clear voice.

There she was. If he had felt tempted to deny it, he could not have done so. The man was not meant for a regular scoundrel. A small villainy not patent to the eyes of the world, he would scarcely scruple over; but a stern, face to face necessity made him honest, not from principle, but simply lack of courage and bravado. This Eastman, his brother lawyer, was a keen, shrewd fellow, and if he had taken up the case, Colby was left hardly a shadow.

"I believe," he began in a confused manner, rubbing his forehead vacantly, and then made a long pause.

"You may remember an incident at old Mr. Walsingham's—the day I was summoned to hear his proposal for adopting my child. You were present."

"Yes." The admission was wrested from him, and as it passed his lips he knew his last chance vanished.

"I told Mrs. Walsingham that she would find you an honorable man," said Eastman, evidently relieved at the turn affairs had taken—for, truth to tell, it did not seem in human nature to yield a fortune easily that had appeared to be one's own for years. "Of course she must prove her identity according to legal forms, and her son's birth."

Colby glanced at her again. A small, slight woman, simply pretty, past forty, but looking nearer thirty, with delicate features, a child's complexion, and wavy, light hair, that had once glittered with a fine bronze tint. She had changed very little since the day he had met her at Mr. Walsingham's.

"Do you know anything about your husband?" he inquired, abruptly.

"He died twelve years ago. He had come back to us; Stacy, my son, was present."

It did not seem an event that either mother or son cared to remember. A slight frown crossed the young man's face.

"We may as well take an informal glance at the business details," Mr. Eastman explained; and he brought forward his client's proofs and claims, in a very clear manner.

Colby listened as if it were some other person's interest at stake, his brain confused and stupid.

"It's a hard case, Colby," Eastman said, when they were through, "but I think you'll find the Walsinghams fair people to deal with. It's better not to make a row about such things, for the fortune is clearly theirs."

At last he bowed them out, and sat down alone, a ruined man, but honest. A great load had been lifted off of his shoulders. He told himself, with a sickly smile, that he had no intention of doing wrong in the first place; and had only made this partial compromise to keep Jasper Cameron from laying his hands on the whole amount and wronging his wife, as he persisted in calling her. What a scamp the fellow was! Now he could blazon his villainies forth to the world with a clear conscience.

Indeed, disastrous as the conclusion had proved, Mr. Colby felt inclined to extract some comfort from it, exalting himself as a kind of hero. All these years he had slaved and toiled, sought out the best investments, kept the fortune with scrupulous care, simply on account of the trust his dead friend had reposed in him. He was an honest, ill-used man; a high principled, unfortunate person, who had spent the best part of his life laboring for others; and now he was to be left poor and friendless as a reward. An heroic self-sacrifice, truly!

The years of ease and luxury he did not take into account. The lucky speculations were nothing now, as the surplus money had long since been spent. In him honesty had found a standard bearer.

Yet his face was haggard and his step trembling as he went down the stairs that evening. It was not an easy thing to face ruin, after all.

As he supposed, the story soon found its way to light. Those who had heard of the circumstances at the time had well nigh forgotten them, so in the dearth of other topics this was seized upon as quite an event. Jasper Cameron glanced over a newspaper account with a feeling of dismay. He had been enjoying himself very well, making his tour profitable as well as pleasant. Men who staked their money at the gaming table with him, little dreamed they were playing with one who had become notorious for his expertness at Baden Baden. His gay indifference and gentlemanly demeanor stood him in good stead.

"Colby goes to the wall," he said, with a sardonic smile. "My chance doesn't look quite as fair, but my lady will have to take me for a husband, or pay handsomely to be quit of me. Aunt Mildred, your fine plans were not altogether perfect. You will have to stick to the old ladies boarding-house a little longer. Bah! To fancy that I should be bothered with such a drag! I don't know that I could endure Dora after the first piquancy was worn off."

But Jasper Cameron judged it as wise to keep out of the crowd at present. Let the matter be well under way for settlement before he brought forward his claim.

It went along rapidly. Leonard Colby resigned himself apathetically to the inevitable. He did find warm friends to condole with him in his misfortunes. Owing to a recent lucky speculation, he discovered that he would be enabled to come out of the affair with clean hands, but that would be all.

There was great consternation at Lake George. Mrs. Colby would not believe the worst, and carried her head loftily. Arthur Harleigh, to the honor of his manhood be it said, comforted his betrothed in the face of any possible reversion that might happen. His mother had demurred a little, but finding him so stanchly true, added her mite to the general condolence, and the wedding preparations proceeded as before.

Indeed, Mr. Colby had not the courage to confess to them that everything was swept away. He had a feeble and forlorn hope that just at the last moment something would happen to demolish this structure of proof that the Walsinghams had reared up in a night, as it were. A missing link, a needed letter, or certificate, anything to bring salvation. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A CANDID SPINSTER.—Miss Dalrymple, sister of Lord Hailes, was of dwarfish and deformed figure, while amiable and judicious above the average of her sex. Taking into view her beautiful place of residence and her large wealth, she remarked to a friend one day, "I can say for the honor of man, that I never got an offer in my life."—*Chambers's Tradition of Edinburgh.*

☞ THE NEW MILKY WAY.—The following queer typographical blunder occurs in the Winsted Herald, the article being a communication from a correspondent on the recent meteoric shower: "On the morning of the 14th inst., at five, as I went out to milk my cows, I observed numerous shooting stars; and I counted, *while milking six stars, more than one hundred and twenty cows*—some small with a short tail of light, and some large and brilliant, in a stream of fire extending across the heavens for perhaps thirty degrees."

☞ Long frock-coats, called "Prince Napoleon's coats," are now getting into vogue in Paris.

☞ Fashion is discarding groomsmen at weddings.

☞ Of thirty thousand persons taking advantage of the National Bankrupt Law, a great majority had no assets, and their creditors made no claims.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply back numbers of THE POST to the first of the year. Additions can be made to clubs beginning at that time, at the club rates, and we will supply the back numbers. Of course it is necessary that all the subscriptions in a club should end at the same time.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

The Red Court Farm.

By MRS. WOOD, Author of "East Lynne."

A New Novelet

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the more engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.—A few weeks ago the Philadelphia "Press" appeared in a beautiful new suit of type; now both the "Age" and the "Telegraph" have come out in handsome forms of new type, and the "Bulletin" proposes to follow suit. These are agreeable assurances of the prosperity of our neighbors, as well as of their desire to present a pleasant face to the public.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL.—We have received the first number of this new journal, which is well printed on good paper. It has an attractive table of contents, and a cartoon of "The Hand Drive at the Central Park." Price $4.00 a year—and published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE CURSE OF GOLD. By MRS. ANN S. Stephens, author of "Fashion and Famine," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

☞ Messrs. Riley & Sargent, the enterprising Railroad News Agents, have in connection with their business, opened a handsome store at the N. W. corner of 31st and Market, between the Penna. Central and N. Y. Railroad Depots, for the sale of books, newspapers, magazines, stationery and fruit. This will be a great convenience to the travelling public as well as to the residents of that part of the city. Messrs. R. & S. deserve success and encouragement. The Post and the Lady's Friend may be had at the above place.

A River Under the Rocky Mountains.

CURIOUS LETTER FROM GEORGE CATLIN.

Trubner's Record contains the following letter from Mr. Catlin:

"Mr. Catlin, the American ethnographist, whose extensive travels have led him through the wildest and rudest scenery of America, has turned his attention for several years past from the Indians to rocks, and has made in these studies voyages to South America, to the Rocky Mountains, the Andes and the Antilles, the results of which he is preparing to publish in a work entitled 'The Lifted and Subsided Rocks of America, with their Influences on the Oceanic, Atmospheric and Land Currents.' And one of the striking features of this book seems to be, to quote his own words, 'the discovery of a river under the Rocky Mountains many times larger than the Mississippi, its course nearly twice the Mississippi's length, and gliding through the clean and vast rocky cellars of the upheaved mountains without the losses by alluvial absorptions and solar evaporations which diminish valley rivers, it takes along in its course the sinking streams and lakes of the mountains of Mexico, and with them, perhaps by a hundred mouths in its deep bed, debouches unseen into the Caribean Sea and Gulf of Mexico.'

"The frequent '*Montagnes qui fument*,' '*Roches qui tremblent*,' and '*Blowing Caves*,' which occur in the Rocky Mountain range (he says) indicate sub-montagne cascades, caused by the waters of melting snows, of rains, of glaciers, and a thousand sinking rivers and lakes, which, among broken up and angular rocks, are on their way to the ocean level.

"Through the vast and heated vaults underneath the Andes, I contemplate a similar river, running from the thirtieth degree of south latitude to the north, and carrying their overflowing waters also to the Caribean Sea.

"The Antilles, now partially sunk in the ocean, are but a chain of mountain tops which, six thousand years ago, stood up in their grandeur, a part (and, probably, the glory) of the Andes; and at that date the two mighty sub-montagne rivers, meeting and debouching together into the ocean, east or north of the Antilles, combined with extraordinary volcanic influences, undermined the Antilles chain, which went down in the Cataclysm well established in Indian traditions, which I have gathered both in North and South America, and also by unimpeachable records on the rocks themselves—by shapes and grooves left in the giant walls at Caracoas and Santa Martha, on the coast of Venezuela, where this mighty chain was broken; records which I have twice seen, which may be read by all ages to come, and which are not myths or fables.

"In this tremendous catastrophe, probably the most stupendous that ever took place on the surface of the globe, the Peninsula of Yucatan, with its splendid Aztec cities, sank, and since has partially risen, leaving the two grand sunken estuaries, the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribean Sea, into which the two subterranean rivers, from the constant overflow of their vast cisterns under the mountains, now spread their clear and blue waters, heated by the volcanic furnaces they have passed. By the joint influx of these rivers into the Caribean Sea, its western surface is elevated several feet above the level of the ocean; and pouring into the Gulf of Mexico, sweeping its western coast, and taking in its way the waters of Rio del Norte and the Mississippi, this vast flood debouches with them into the Atlantic, at the Florida Cape, and there becomes the Gulf Stream, until now one of the mooted puzzles of the world.

"GEORGE CATLIN."

☞ A Trinity College (Dublin) man was talking the other day upon the small value attached to life by uncivilized nations. Somebody remarked that in China, if a man were condemned to death, he could easily hire a substitute to die for him. "Ah, yes," said T. C. D., "I believe many poor fellows get their living by being substitutes that way."

☞ Two servants were overheard conversing at the door of a Paris club house. "Jean, what is socialism?" "What a stupid fellow you are. Just see here—suppose we go into a wine shop. You take a drink and pay for it. I take a drink—and you pay for it." "Yes, but if I am a socialist too?" "Then the shopkeeper pays for it." "Suppose he is another socialist, what then?" "Why then we knock him down before we drink."

☞ As a schoolmaster was employed the other day in Scotland in his "delightful task of teaching a sharp urchin to cipher on the slate, the precocious pupil put the following question to his instructor:—"Where dis a' the figures gang till when they're rubbed out?"

☞ Some years ago a man was killed in a neighboring state, and three men—brothers, if we remember aright—were arrested upon suspicion of having been concerned in the murder. They demanded separate trials, and, after the first had been tried and acquitted, he asked that he might be placed on the witness stand to give testimony on behalf of the others. This was done; and upon being asked under oath what he knew about the matter, he said that he knew the other two men to be altogether innocent, as *he himself had committed the murder*. He then walked off, with none to make him afraid.

☞ Louisa Muhlbach writes every day enough to fill a whole printed sheet. She begins at 8 in the morning, and stops at 4 in the afternoon. In the evening she receives her literary friends in her sumptuously furnished *salon*, or attends a performance at the theatre, where her good-looking and talented daughter Theodora is playing. Despite the large copyrights which the authoress of "Joseph the Second" and "Louisa of Russia" has received for her works, she has not saved any money, and is still writing for her daily bread.

☞ A Nevada reporter, describes a divorce case in the following succinct and grammatical manner: "Judge R——, yesterday, ordered a disjunctive decree to be issued, in the case of Mary Smith vs. John Smith, severing the copulative conjunction heretofore existing between the parties. The frequent imperative moods and violent interjections of the masculine gender had rendered it impossible for the feminine to agree with him in the plural number. The husband was much affected during the parsing of the sentence of the judge."

☞ There was a very brilliant display of Auroral lights on Thursday night of last week. It was witnessed in New York, Boston, Baltimore, Richmond, Louisville and Philadelphia.

Physical Science in England.

As a result of that reaction which has been going on for some time in England against exclusive attention to classical studies in collegiate training, and which very recently found expression in the eloquent address of Mr. Froude, the historian, at St. Andrew's University, it is announced that Dr. Butler, the head master of Harrow School, is about to establish there a "modern" department for the benefit of boys, "for whom, from various causes, an advanced classical training seems undesirable." The principal subjects of instruction will be mathematics, French, German, Latin, history, English literature and physical science. No Greek, no making of hexameters and pentameters. This is a significant move; for what Harrow does, Rugby must also do, and after a while Eton; and great "modern" schools of science will supersede in a great measure for the youth of England the ancient universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

NEW APPOINTMENTS.—Ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin as Minister to Russia; T. H. Nelson, of Indiana, Minister to Mexico; Robert C. Kirk, of Ohio, Minister to the Argentine Republic; Ebenezer D. Bassett (colored) Minister to Hayti; Leopold Markbreit, of Ohio, Minister to Bolivia; Eli S. Parker, of the District of Columbia, to be Commissioner of Indian Affairs; George W. Wurts, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of Legation at Florence; Charles A. Dana, Appraiser at New York.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This paper is justly and highly esteemed, as it deserves to be, for no better paper finds its way into the family circle. Unlike too many of our literary papers, it gives a weekly feast of good things without the pernicious admixture of evil. It is an excellent paper.—*Camden Democrat.*

☞ When J. W. B., Esq., of the Philadelphia bar, failed, all the property returned by him consisted of a pew in the church and a vault in a graveyard. He said that his creditors might sit in the pew if they pleased, and if they had any desire to be buried in his vault, they had his hearty consent.

☞ Collectors of postage stamps should secure specimens of all kinds now in use in this country, as they will soon be among the things that were. Why they have been changed—unless to find a profitable job for somebody—no one knows.

☞ There is a merchant in Becket, Mass., who has been engaged in business over twenty-five years, and never taken an inventory. The store is a complete curiosity shop. It was the custom of the proprietor, whenever an article was called for that he had not on hand, to make a memorandum of it, and get it the next time he went to market. He never would sell anything below cost, however much out of date or fashion it might be, and hence in all these years a conglomerate mass of goods of all kinds has accumulated.

☞ Mrs. Sigourney's place at Hartford, where all her beautiful poems were written, and around which so many delightful reminiscences cluster, has been sold to the Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroad Company for the comfortable sum of $90,000. Its original cost was $4,000.

☞ The San Francisco Bulletin gives an amusing account of a Chinese dinner at Shanghai, given by Mandarin Chun to some American and English guests. It was really quite an elegant affair, the cloth being spotless, the service handsome, and even a profusion of knives, forks and spoons took the place of chop-sticks. No less than fifty different dishes were served, and though many articles were scarcely appetizing to American palates, the bill of fare was imposing. Nevertheless some of the guests, after partaking (?) of these fifty dishes, were glad to retire to their private hotel and do justice to a good, sensible beef-steak!

☞ A rustic gentleman, who recently visited this city, being asked if he had seen a velocipede, wanted to know "if that was the machine which adds up three columns of figures at a time?" He was shown the animal.

☞ Of the new White Pine mining furore, the Sacramento Bee says:—"With a few exceptions it is all wildcat—wilder than Washoe ever was; and while it may be that the district is immensely richer than Washoe was, it is nevertheless true that, judging from present facts, White Pine will be a far greater public swindle than was Washoe."

☞ The New York Commercial says:—"The nucleus of all museums is a club which killed Captain Cook. First get your club and then build around it. By careful count there must have been from 3,000 to 4,000 natives around that persecuted explorer and martyred navigator when he met his death, and each of them took a hack at him, that their clubs might go down to posterity in glass cases."

☞ A telegraphic velocipede is mentioned that shall run on a wire from New Orleans to New York in an hour and a half.

☞ Marshall O. Roberts, of New York, had a daughter married last week, and his wedding gift was a check for $100,000. We do not know that he has any more daughters.

☞ Ice two feet thick still remains on Cayuga Lake, New York.

☞ The Sing Sing (New York) Methodist Conference has had a discussion about licensing a female preacher, and, unable to decide, postponed it till the next Conference.

☞ The young ladies of New York are now adopting the role of "sweet simplicity," and appear at balls and parties in short muslin dresses, without ornaments of any kind.

☞ Golden hair fluids have recently been the subject of continued investigation by an English chemist, who, after a careful analysis asserts that they are composed of dilute nitric and muriatic acids, with traces, in some instances, of sulphuric acid. Though the proprietors of these fluids announce that the preparations are harmless, yet instances have been reported of ladies being injured by drops of the hair dye falling on their shoulders. The agent to effect the change in the color of the hair is the nitric acid, aided by the chlorine evolved by the decomposition of the muriatic acid.

☞ Utah papers speak of frequent land slides among the Rocky Mountains this spring.

☞ Portraits of Secretary Fish's children are said to be sardines—little fishes done in oil.

☞ A New England paper says:—"Erratum.—In our paragraph yesterday concerning thirteen ministers who had been spanked in infancy, for *spanked* read *sprinkled*."

☞ In Rhode Island, a man has sued a woman of forty for enticing his son, aged seventeen, into matrimony.

THE WHITE PINE COUNTRY.

GREAT DISCOVERIES OF SILVER.

All at once a region of country in the heart of the new state of Nevada has risen into great importance. This region is known as the White Pine district, and in territorial extent is about one-fifth larger than the District of Columbia. It is remote from civilization; it is a rugged agglomeration of mountains rising from six thousand to eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea; it is very cold in the winter season, and but few of the comforts of life are to be found there; but it is at this moment the point of supreme attraction on the American continent. The magnet is one of the precious metals. The lodestone is an inexhaustible lode of silver.

The rush of adventurers to this region is said to be altogether unexampled. The "*auri* sacra fames" which took hundreds of thousands of people to California, was as nothing to the "*argenti* sacra fames" that carries miners, laborers, merchants, speculators, men of all kinds to White Pine.

In point of fact, all the accounts we receive of the district well warrant the belief that nothing so rich as the White Pine Silver Mines has ever been found on the globe. For hundreds of years the flow of silver coin has been setting in one steady current from the western nations to China, with no retiring ebb, until the Celestial Empire has become one vast storehouse of silver guilders, florins, thalers, carolusses, and pistareens. It would seem as if, ages before commerce had begun piling up the world's treasure at the world's end, Nature had selected the mountains of Nevada for her depository of pure metal, and there certainly it lies in one great precious mass to stimulate the enterprise and tempt the cupidity of man.

The report of R. W. Raymond on the "Mineral Resources of the States and Territories," made to the Secretary of the Treasury and just printed, gives us some most interesting facts and figures concerning the White Pine silver region.

There are many mines in operation there, more than fifty mining companies having been organized in San Francisco alone for working them, and of every one the story reads like a fairy tale. Discovered only eighteen months ago, the light has as yet hardly broken in upon the richest veins. Yet $2,000 a ton is not an extravagant yield, and we are prepared to believe anything that may be said of the results hereafter.

Here is the Keystone Mine, for instance. A mere lad, John Turner, one of the party that originally explored it, struck his pick into what seemed to be a bed of putty, but what proved to be pure chloride of silver, worth from $15,000 to $25,000 a ton! Even the correct and sober style of Mr. Raymond, writing officially and promically to the Secretary of the Treasury, breaks out into a certain luminous poetry as he enters the cave of Aladdin, otherwise known as the Eberhardt Mine. "Descending the shaft on a rope," says he, "we found ourselves among men engaged in breaking down silver by the ton. The light of our candles disclosed great black sparkling masses of silver ore on every side. The walls were silver, the roof over our heads silver, the very dust which filled our lungs and covered our boots and clothing was a great coating of fine silver."

These are but a few of the wonders that are told of the White Pine District. Cities are rising there like exhalations. All around Treasure Hill, which is the site of the most extraordinary of these silver deposits, shops, warehouses, lager-beer saloons are going up, and in another winter there will possibly be *opera bouffe*.

Treasure Hill is at this moment difficult of access from the Atlantic border, but with the completion of the railway to San Francisco, it may be reached in six or seven days from New York; lying, as it does, only one hundred and twenty-five miles from Elko, which is a station on the Central Pacific Railroad. Coaches now run from Elko to the mines; but a branch railroad will ere long transport travellers to the spot and bring back the valuable ingots to be conveyed to the centres of commerce.

☞ The New York Express says the condition of the streets of that city is offal.

☞ WHEAT IN CALIFORNIA.—It is reported that a large crop of wheat will be obtained this year in California. The farms yield from 20 to 50 bushels of wheat per acre. It is calculated that the profit on 1,000 acres of wheat will be $16,800, 20 bushels to the acre being raised, and price averaging two cents a pound. The counties along the sea-coast, however, it is stated, do not raise good wheat. After one or two sowings on the coast, the best wheat degenerates into second quality. The moisture from the fogs, late in the season, is said to cause great damage to the crops and injures the seed.

☞ Mr. Lowe said, in his speech on the Irish Church Bill:—"I hope, sir, this may be the beginning of a time when we shall give up, not only the idea of persecution, but the language of toleration—when we shall come to admit that one man's faith is not a thing to be tolerated by another, but to be respected."

☞ Few women, except a very few exceptions, really know a word, or care a straw, about politics. Many, however, strenuously declare themselves Conservatives or Liberals, as the case may be, according to the parties of their respective husbands, papas, or men in the place of those protectors. The better part of them take those men's sides, the rest the opposite.

☞ HOW TO MAKE CLARET.—At the meeting of the Polytechnic Association of the American Institute, during a discussion on the adulteration of wines, Dr. Van der Weyde is reported by the Chemical News, to have described a mode of making claret, viz., "by allowing water to soak through shavings, and adding thereto a certain proportion of logwood and tartaric acid. This produced a wine hardly to be distinguished in flavor and color from claret."

☞ A rather curious fact was noticeable after one of the late storms, in many parts of Oxford county, Maine. The snow which fell was very wet, and one of those severe winds, for which the section is noted, setting in, the snow was rolled up into balls as large as those rolled up by school boys. In many places the face of the country was covered with snow-balls.

☞ As a proof of the remarkable decline of Alexander Dumas' popularity as a romancist, it is mentioned that the manuscript of his last novel was offered to six publishers, none of whom would give more than a few thousand florins for it. We can understand the *decline* of his popularity, but not how he ever got it.

The Invention of Lithography.

The impatience of a German washerwoman led to the invention of lithography. The history of that elegant art begins with a homely domestic scene, which occurred at Munich about the year 1793, and in which three characters figured—Madame Senefelder, the poor widow of an excellent actor, then recently deceased; her son, Alois Senefelder, aged twenty-two, a young man of an inventive turn; and the impatient washerwoman just mentioned. The washerwoman had called at the home of this widow for the weekly "wash;" but the "list" was not ready, and the widow asked her son to take it. He looked about the room for a piece of paper upon which to write it, without being able to find the least fragment, and he noticed also that his ink was dry. Washerwomen are not apt to be overawed by such customers, and this one certainly did not conceal her impatience while the fruitless search was proceeding. The young man had in the apartment a smooth, soft, cream-colored stone, such as lithographers now use. He had also a mass of paste made of lampblack, wax, soap, and water. In the hurry of the moment, he dashed upon the soft, smooth stone the short list of garments, using for the purpose this awkward lump of oily paste. The washerwoman went off with her small bundle of clothes, peace was restored to the family, and the writing on the stone remained.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

☞ THE LUNAR MOUNTAINS.—It is reported that the German astronomer, Maedler, has measured the height of 1,093 mountains in the moon. Twenty-two of these are higher than Mount Blanc, which is within a few feet of being three miles high, and six are above 19,000 feet. The highest observed mountain in the moon is 24,044 feet high.

☞ An eminent French writer says of the ladies of Italy:—"They would be more irresistible and bewitching if they did not too often forget to have recourse to those useful articles, soap, water, and toothbrushes."

☞ Two men went to law in Augusta, Georgia, for the possession of a horse, but finding that mode of settlement expensive, the ownership was settled by drawing straws.

☞ It might be interesting to try the German method of keeping rose-buds fresh for weeks, and bringing them into bloom when wanted. They seal the end of the stem as soon as cut with wax, and then place each bud in a closed paper cone, taking care that the petals do not touch the paper. The cone is then covered with glue, to exclude air, dust, and moisture. When dry, it is placed in an upright position in a cool place. When a rose is wanted, the bud is removed from the cone, the wax carefully cut off the stem, and after remaining a few hours in water it is said to open gradually into full bloom.

☞ In Chicago husbands are said to be so fearful of divorce that they add to their announcements of future movements the letters "W. P.," which means "wife permitting."

☞ Lord Brougham died poor, having in a measure administered upon his own estate. So great was his aversion to trouble about money-matters, that long before his death he made over, by deed of gift, every thing he possessed—house, lands, books, furniture—to his brother William, who in return provided for all expenses (which was good of William.) The revenue people, at first incredulous, satisfied themselves by private inquiry as to the *bona fides*, and validity of the deed of gift. It is a curious fact that an Ex-Lord Chancellor, who for upwards of thirty years received a pension of £5,000 a year, died without paying a shilling of probate or legacy duty.

☞ Jenny Lind Goldsmith's little daughter, now aged twelve years, is said to have not only a fine voice, but much of the great musical talent of her mother.

☞ There lives in Kennebec county, Maine, a member of the Society of Friends, to whom the resumption of specie payments, when it comes, will not give a very severe shock. He has, in fact, never suspended, having practically nullified the legal tender act, like the people of California. He holds that greenbacks were issued for the purpose of carrying on a war, and war is incompatible with the most cherished principles of the Society to which he belongs. Therefore he will none of them. If he cannot trade on a specie basis or arrange a barter he will not trade at all. Even the payment of his taxes has to be arranged by his friends, since he would see his farm confiscated before taking greenbacks enough to settle with the Collector.

☞ A negro preacher recently arrested in New Orleans as a disorderly person, was unable to pay the fine imposed. He was about to be committed, when a happy thought struck him—"If your Honor will trust me till Monday, I'll take up a collection tomorrow." He was trusted.

☞ St. Petersburg is sometimes called, and with considerable truth, St. Pianopolis. Even the humblest families possess instruments, and there are said to be in the city 800 male and 3,000 female teachers of the piano.

☞ The wife of Marshal Vaillant, who recently died, shaved regularly every day for many years. She had a thicker beard than most men. During her last illness her beard became so bushy that when the physician who visits all the dead to see that they died a natural death, examined her, he asked, "What was this gentleman's position?"

☞ Michigan has passed a law making it an assault to deal carelessly and menacingly with fire-arms. By the new law, to point a fire-arm at or towards a person is made a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of from $5 to $50. To intentionally discharge the firm-arm, aimed without malice, at or towards a person, and with no injury, subjects the offender to a fine of $100, or imprisonment; while if injury results, the offender may be tried for it as a criminal, and punished by fine and imprisonment.

☞ The "oldest inhabitant" has been reading a series of articles on the adulteration of liquors, and has arrived at a somewhat singular conclusion. The analysis of those liquors showed an average of about sixty-five parts of water to thirty-five of spirits. "They don't give the spirits a fair chance," said an aged bacchanal; "they'll keep on fooling with water till it depopulates the earth again."

☞ "I sells peppermints on Sunday," remarked a good old lady who kept a candy-shop, "because they carries 'em to church and eats 'em, and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you wants comfits you must come week days. They're secular commodities."

A Warning.

Mayor Hall, of New York, has issued the following card to the press of the United States:—

I beg to caution strangers against New York circulars, tickets, shares, chances and prospectives in co-operative unions, or gift enterprises, or dollar stores, or in any other possible scheme whereby property or value is promised greater than the price asked to be paid. Every such advertised scheme is necessarily a swindle and a false pretence. There does not and cannot tangibly exist any such schemes in this city. Country newspapers which advertise them simply aid in the swindle. If all the newspapers in the Union would now make a point of publishing and reiterating this information, they will charitably, and, I think, effectually, counteract the swindling intentions of those who use the mails for false pretences, and will also save to the country hundreds of thousands of dollars.

(Signed) A. OAKEY HALL,
Mayor of the City of New York.

CITY LIFE.—Dr. Hall says:—"Where is the man on the banks of the Hudson for two or three years, who would not gladly sell out to-morrow? We know men who have been for years trying to sell out; and if they who live on the banks of the Hudson are sick and tired of it, how much more are they who live on the Jersey Sand Flats; among the agues of Long Island, and the musquitoes of Staten Island? The country is a good place for farmers and persons of elegant leisure. We don't deny that we ourselves like now and then to go into the country for about twenty-four hours; but longer than that we would rather be excused, unless travelling on horseback, or camping out, far away from human habitations. Old Gotham is good enough for us, and we never want to leave it 'for long.'"

☞ Paris journalists announce that the newest style of ladies' dress is to be very short in front, and longer behind than ever. In fact, the dress in front is to cease halfway down from the knee, while the train is to be so long that the wearer may, if she pleases, throw it over her arm.

☞ Black velvet skull-caps are the fashion for bald heads in Beecher's church.

☞ A law passed at the late session of the Maine Legislature imposes upon school committees a penalty of five hundred dollars for a violation of the law which forbids a change of text-books oftener than once in five years.

☞ The arable land of the United States is said to be equal to 50,000,000 farms of twenty-five acres each, or 1,250,000,000 acres.

☞ A fellow who claims to know about the rich men of Cincinnati and St. Louis, says that the great want of each of those cities is about thirty-five first-class funerals.

☞ Kentucky, in her existence of seventy-six years, has not lost a cent by the defalcation of any state officer.

☞ Christians are to be admitted into the Turkish mosques and temples on the simple condition that they will not scoff at or disturb the worshippers.

☞ MARRIAGE OF PRIESTS.—The Court of Appeals, at Naples, Italy, has decided that the marriage of priests of the Catholic Church is legal. This decision establishes the perfect independence of the State in its relations with the Church, and determines the position of a priest in the presence of the law. It is expected that the Ecumenical Council, which is to meet at Rome in December next, will confirm and endorse this decision.

☞ 316,233 Union soldiers lie buried in 72 national cemeteries, and thousands of bodies were never recovered, and every village in the North guards one or more, frequently its scores, in country grave-yards; one-half of these are under mounds legended with that simple word of saddest force, "unknown." Of the whole number less than one-fifth now sleep in their original beds. 257,000 have been removed from the trenches of the battle-field, to enclosures and respectful graves, over which the national flag floats day and night.

☞ A Connecticut paper says Tom Thumb drinks. If he does his wife has at least one consolation—he doesn't hold much.

☞ A Berlin newspaper has one editor whose sole duty it is to serve out the terms of imprisonment decreed against the paper for its libellous articles.

☞ Mexican bandits have a regular tariff for their prisoners. The superintendent of a silver mine is worth $40,000, a rich banker $100,000.

☞ A Georgia minister thinks he has discovered that the forbidden fruit was tobacco. Eve, accordingly, took a whiff instead of a bite.

☞ John Bright declares that there must be a change in the division of land in England, or serious consequences will follow.

☞ The Duke of Argyle, a notable statesman and author of the British realm, has placed his youthful son in a commercial house in London, in the tea business. His dukeship thinks that the slim chances of success and promotion in the English civil service are not to be compared with the prospect of attaining a merchant princedom in what Napoleon I. called the nation of shop-keepers.

☞ Blondin, the rope artist, Sims Reeves, the musical artist, and Charles Dickens, the literary artist, each demand and receive the same sum for a public performance—one hundred guineas.

☞ The religious inclinations of General Grant's Cabinet have been ferreted out by a peering citizen, and announced as follows: Attorney-General Hoar is a Unitarian, Secretary of the Interior Cox is a Swedenborgian, Secretary of the Navy Borie is a Catholic, ex-Secretary of State Washburne is a Universalist, Secretary of State Fish is an Episcopalian, ex-Secretary Stewart is a Presbyterian, and Postmaster-General Cresswell eschews churches altogether. The religious faith of Boutwell and Rawlings is not yet known to fame. Grant's family are Methodists, and that is the church which he usually attends. From the above it will be seen that it would have been difficult to have obtained a greater variety of religious creeds in the Cabinet.

☞ Kodiak Island, in the Aleutian group, of our Alaskan possessions, is covered with the cranberry vine, which produces fruit unsurpassed in size and flavor. The Kodiak fruit readily commands in the market from fifteen to twenty cents per pound more than the Oregon.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 10@10½ cts ₩ lb. 100 Cows brought from $35 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—2000 head were disposed of at from 7@9½c ₩ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $15,00 to 15,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

British Taxation.

Nearly the whole revenue of the British empire from customs is derived from seven articles, and ninety-six and a half per cent. of the revenue from excise comes from spirits, malt and licenses.

The British income tax is a little more than two per cent., but yields, in gold, just about as much as ours; and the whole revenue of the kingdom is considerably in excess of that of the United States, although we tax some hundreds of articles where Great Britain taxes one. Yet the resources of the two countries are not practically very different in amount.

England has tried both plans; first, that which we follow, of adjusting universal taxes so as to protect and help everything; and secondly, that of selecting a few articles to tax, solely for revenue purposes. By the latter plan she now collects more revenue, more cheaply, and with incomparably less pressure on the people, than she ever could by the former.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues quiet. Sales comprise about 9000 bbls at $5,50@5,75 for superfine; and $7@8,50 for Pennsylvania extra family. Rye Flour is selling at 7@7,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce; 20,000 bus of red sold at $1,35@1,60 for common to fair; $1,60@170 for good to prime; 25,000 bus of amber at $1,75@1,85; 5000 bus of choice Western amber at $1,80@1,92; 3000 bus No 1 spring at $1,45; 6000 bus of California at $1,75@1,80, and 5000 bus of white at $1,85@2 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye—3000 bus sold at $1,45 ₩ bus for Pennsylvania and Western. Corn—30,000 bus at prime yellow sold at 88@90c; 40,000 bus of Western mixed at 84@86c; 5000 bus of high mixed at 90c, and 2000 bus of Western white at 89c ₩ bus. Oats—70,000 bus sold at 74@78c for Western, and 68@70c ₩ bus for Pennsylvania and Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet.—Mess Beef sells at $23@23,50 for city packed. Bacon; sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 18@20c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 16½@18½c; Shoulders at 14@14½c. Lard; sales of 600 bbls and tcs Western at 18½@19c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter; sales of solid packed at 25@30c. Cheese; sales of prime factory at 21@23c.

COTTON—Market dull. About 300 bales of middlings sold at 28@28½c for Uplands, and 29@29½c for New Orleans.

FEATHERS are taken at 85@90c.

HAY—Sales of prime Timothy ₩ 100 lbs $1,50@1,60; mixed do $1,35@1,40; Inferior do $1,25@1,30, and Straw $1,30@1,60.

HOPS—Sales of New York and Western at 5@15c, according to quality.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is very little doing. Sales of No. 1 Anthracite at $40@41, and No. 2 at $39. Scotch Pig sells at $43@43,50 ₩ ton, and Glendon at $27@Furnace. Manufactured Iron is quoted at $80@85 ₩ ton for Bars.

SEEDS—1100 bus Cloverseed sold at $8,50@9,50, according to quality, including 400 bus from second hands at $8,50@8,75. Timothy—Sales at $4.

TALLOW—Sales of city at 11@11½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market continues dull. Small sales at 53½c for extra; 52½c for fine; 58@52c for one-half blood; 53@55c for one-quarter blood; 47@48c for common; 62@65c for tub; 35@37c for unwashed, and 45@48c for pulled, as to quality.

Phthisic or Asthma.—Those of our readers who suffer from this distressing complaint are referred to *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy.*

☞ Mr. Vernon Harcourt, "Historicus," of the London Times, is said to be extremely unattractive in person and manners. One of the London papers tells the story as current among the clubs, that six gentlemen mutually agreed to dine together, each asking the most unpopular man of his acquaintance to join the party, thus making twelve in all, and then when the company assembled there were but seven to sit down to dinner. Each had selected Mr. Harcourt as his most unpopular acquaintance.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—any from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-cow-tf

☞ There are now in Australia, says the Mark Lane Express, some four millions of cattle and forty millions of sheep, while there are not a million consumers, and the live stock, with abundant pasturage, increases enormously.

Do Not Trifle with Danger.

A single spark may kindle a flame that will consume a city, and small ailments neglected, may end in fatal disorders. Bearing this fact in mind, let the first symptoms of debility or nervous prostration be met promptly with invigorating treatment. Foremost among the vegetable tonics of the age stands HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, and whenever the vital powers seem to languish, or there is any reason to suspect that the animal functions essential to the sustenation and purification of the body are imperfectly performed, this invaluable invigorant and antiseptic should at once be resorted to. Indigestion always produces weakness of the bodily powers. Sometimes it happens that the appetite demands more food than the stomach can digest; though not more, perhaps, than is required to keep up the full strength of the frame. The object, under such circumstances, is to increase the digestive capacity of the assimilating organ, so as to make it equal to the duty imposed upon it by the appetite, and capable of supplying the *building material of the system* as fast as it is required. This object is fully accomplished by the use of the Bitters. They tone and gently stimulate the cellular membrane which secretes the gastric juice, and the result is that the solvent is mingled with the food in sufficient quantity to convert all its nourishing particles into pure and wholesome element. If, on the other hand, there is a deficiency of appetite, without any corresponding deficiency of digestive power, the effect of the tonic is to stimulate a desire for food. In nineteen cases out of twenty, headache, nausea, nervousness, fainting-fits, spasms, and, indeed, most of the casual aches and pains to which humanity is subject, proceed primarily from indigestion complicated with biliousness; and for both these complaints HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS are recommended as a speedy and certain remedy.

ap2-tf

☞ There is a wonderful cow in Kentucky, whose milk turns to solid butter on stirring it with a spoon.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—For the removal of all obstructions peculiar to females. These Pills have justly obtained a world-wide celebrity, for they always act so gently, yet so surely, that all are benefitted by them.

☞ Mr. Ellery, Government astronomer at Melbourne, has calculated the rate at which the great tidal wave occasioned by the earthquakes in Peru crossed the Pacific. The distance between South America and Australia is six thousand five hundred statute miles; the wave travelled across in thirty-two hours, being a rate of about two hundred miles an hour. What an idea this fact conveys of the tremendous force of the original shock!

HUNT'S COMPLEXION POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.18. T. W. EVANS, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

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☞ Secular newspapers do sometimes blunder in their religious paragraphs. The New York Herald recently spoke of the Passover as a "feast in commemoration of the passage of the children of Israel over the Nile."

Who Says No, it Cannot be Done?

I tell you it is false. Catarrh can be radically cured. Use Wolcott's ANNIHILATOR. Pint bottles, $1, in white wrappers, or send to Dr. Wolcott, 170 Chatham square, N. Y., $5, for six pints, sent free of express charges; or one pint of Wolcott's PAIN PAINT, if you suffer any pain. ap24-2t

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☞ London covers 122 square miles, contains 400,000 dwellings with an average of eight persons to each, and has a population of nearly 3,200,000.

Interesting to Ladies.

My wife has used a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for *eleven years*, during which time it has never needed a dollar's worth of repairs, except once when broken by an accident in moving. It has done all sorts of work in the most satisfactory manner.

WM. D. BALDWIN, Washington, D. C.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th of March, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JACOB JONES to Miss CORNELIA A. UPDIKE, both of this city.

On the 23d of March, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. SAMUEL CLARKE to SARAH E. ASHMORE, both of this city.

On the 4th of March, 1869, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOSIAH K. STRONG to Miss BERTHA YOUNG, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JAMES HYERS to Miss ELIZA A. WEAVER, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. EDWARD L. JONES to Miss EMMA L. GEORGE, both of this city.

On the 31st of Jan., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. RAFAEL ROCAMORA to Miss AMANDA R., daughter of Capt. Wm. L. CARR, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. MARY A. LEIB, in her 32d year.

On the 13th instant, CATHARINE, wife of Claude Myer, in her 44th year.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. CHRISTINE WELSH, aged 18 years.

On the 11th instant, ANNA M. DANIELS, in her 34th year.

On the 10th instant, SAMUEL FISHER, in his 72d year.

On the 10th instant, REBECCA, daughter of Alex. Creighton, in her 28th year.

On the 10th instant, JOSEPH CHAMBERS, in his 64th year.

On the 9th instant, REBECCA MILLER, in her 60th year.

On the 9th instant, ANN GRIFFITH, in her 30th year.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

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A Work descriptive of the VIRTUES and the VICES, the MYSTERIES, MISERIES and CRIMES of New York City.

It contains 35 fine engravings; and is the spiciest, most thrilling, instructive, and cheapest work of the kind published.

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mar12-6m Hoboken, New Jersey.

THE BROOK.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Oh, sweet and still around the hill
  Thy silver waters, Brook, are creeping;
Beneath the hill as sweet and still
  Thy weary friend lies sleeping.
A laurel leaf is in his hair,
  His eyes are closed to human seeming,
And surely he has dreams most fair,
  If he indeed be dreaming.

Oh, Brook, he smiled, a happy child,
  Upon thy banks, and loved thy crying,
And, as time flew, thy murmur grew
  A trouble purifying;
Till, last, thy laurel leaf he took,
  Dream-eyed and tearful, like a woman,
And turned thy haunting cry, oh, Brook,
  To speech divine and human.

Oh, Brook! in song full sweet and strong
  He sang of thee he loved so dearly;
Then softly creep around his sleep,
  And murmur to him cheerly;
For though he knows nor fret nor fear,
  Though life no more slips strangely through him,
Yet he may sleep more sound to hear
  His friend so close unto him.

And when at last the sleepers cast
  Their swathes aside, and, wandering, waken,
Let thy friend be full tenderlie
  In silver arms uptaken.
Him be it then thy task to bear
  Up to the footstool, softly flowing—
Smiles on his eyes, and in his hair
  Thy leaf of laurel blowing.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. 9.—TOMBS.

In 1st Sam. xxv. 1, it is said of the prophet Samuel, that "he was buried *in his house* at Ramah;" and of Joab in 1st Kings ii. 34, that "he was buried *in his own house* in the wilderness." It cannot be supposed that in either case the dwelling house is alluded to; but a house or tomb erected for the purpose, probably during the life-time of the owner or his ancestors—a custom dating back to a very remote period, and still in general use among all oriental nations who bury their dead. Solomon, in Eccl. xii. 5, calls the tomb the "long home," or "*house* of ages," as the word might be rendered more literally; and Job, in chap. xxx. 23, speaks of "*the house* appointed for all living." The manner of building tombs in the East has doubtless given rise to this appellation, as well as to the many expressions in the Bible in regard to going down *into* tombs or sepulchres.

In many parts of Syria, Persia and Egypt, tombs, especially those intended for families or persons of distinction, are in the form of houses, but without windows or doors, it being necessary to remove a part of the wall whenever a body is deposited. They are more or less massive and costly according to the wealth or rank of the builder, and at a distance they look like miniature residences, lacking only the doors and windows, seeming thus to repel the advance of the weary traveller, and to cut off all hope of a hospitable reception. The interior consists of a series of subterranean chambers, each one containing many repositories for the dead, generally hewn in the rock, around the sides of the chamber. The last room that is reached is lower than the others, a few steps descending to it from the other apartments. Being more difficult of access, it is regarded as safer from intrusion, and consequently more desirable than the outer chambers; and bodies of special value find their long home in this inner receptacle. Job, in chap. xxx. 23d, may have alluded figuratively to these many-chambered sepulchres—houses already prepared for the dead, and inviting by the vacant niches still remaining to further occupancy. The same allusion occurs in Prov. xxx. 15, 16, the grave being enumerated among the four things that say not "enough," but cry continually "give, give." Hence also the force of the Psalmist's language, in comparing the throat of the wicked to an open sepulchre, ever ready to devour. Mr. Maundrell describes the tombs known as "the sepulchre of the kings" as "cut out of the natural rock." Entering on the east side, "you are admitted," he says, "into a court of about forty paces square, cut down into the rock, by which it is encompassed, instead of walls. On the south side of the court is a portico nine paces long and four broad, hewn likewise out of the natural rock. At the end of the portico on the left hand, you descend to the passage that leads to the sepulchres. After creeping through a door obstructed by stones and rubbish, you arrive at a large, fair room of seven or eight yards square—angles, sides and ceiling so exactly just, that no architect with levels and plummets could build a room more regular; and the whole is so firm and entire, that it may be called a chamber hollowed out of one piece of marble. From this room some six or seven more are entered, one within another, and the two innermost deeper than the rest, having a second descent of six or seven steps into them. In every one of these rooms except the first, coffins of stone were placed in niches in the sides of the chambers." Whose these were, or why this repository of the dead has been called "the sepulchre of the kings," it is at this late day impossible to determine. Mr. Maundrell thinks it possible that Hezekiah and the sons of David, mentioned in 2d Chron. xxxii. 33, were interred here, since it certainly could have been *no others* of the kings of Israel or Judah, as the Scriptures assign their burial to other localities.

Generally these houses or receptacles for the dead are built within the enclosed grounds of the palace or residence of their owners, but occasionally they are found in other places. When a tomb is not within the garden or court of a residence, pains are always taken to surround it with beautiful and fragrant flowers. These are carefully trained and tended by the surviving relatives, who would regard the slightest neglect of these flowers as a far more heinous offence than any act of unkindness that could be shown to the living. They cherish the fancy that the spirits of the departed hover over these garden spots, and that the care lavished on the plants is received as a most acceptable offering by the dead, who mourn over the cruelty that would leave the little flowers to droop and wither from neglect, just as the dead may be supposed to grieve when they pass away unlamented. It is probably to this custom of surrounding the grave with fragrant flowers that Job alludes in chap. xxi. 33, "The clods of the valley shall be sweet unto him."

Occasionally a smaller tomb is hollowed out of a single rock, with only an inner and outer chamber, forming a sort of double cave, like that of Machpelah, which Abraham bought of Ephron the Hittite; where were buried Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah.

The entrance to the tombs is generally so low, that it is necessary to stoop, sometimes even on the hands and knees, in order to look into them. Such was the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, in which the body of our Lord was laid. Hence the necessity for Peter to "stoop down," in order to look into the sepulchre. Of this tomb, it was said, "wherein never man was before laid"—doubtless in allusion to the fact that tombs generally contained several apartments, and each apartment many receptacles for the dead, none of which in this tomb had yet been occupied. To one unacquainted with this peculiar construction of tombs, the remark of St. Luke seems superfluous; for if a tomb (as we understand the word) were already tenanted, "a good man and a just," as Joseph is described, and withal a man of wealth and position, would scarcely have so disposed of the body he had incurred such great risk to obtain from Pilate, and so carefully enshrouded in "fine linen." Had some of the apartments of the tomb been previously occupied, the body of Jesus might, without any disrespect, have been placed in another, but such not being the case, the evangelist notes the fact. Among western nations it would certainly not be necessary to say, in speaking of the interment of a body, that no one had before occupied that tomb, since we should naturally assume such to be the case, unless otherwise informed.

The entrance to a costly tomb is usually closed by a large, flat stone, sometimes of immense weight. The stone that closes the reputed tomb of Agamemnon, is twenty-seven feet long, seventeen broad, and four and a half thick. That used to cover the entrance to the sepulchre in which the body of our Lord was deposited, was "a great stone"—so heavy that the three women who ran to the burial-place, early in the morning, (Mark xvi. 1—4,) hopeless of being able, with their united strength to move it, consulted together on their way, saying, "who shall roll us away the stone?"—"for," adds the inspired writer, "it was very great." The size of the stone itself afforded ample security against deception; but when we add the fact of the *sealing*, fraud was clearly impossible.

Among the poorer classes, bodies are frequently laid, many together, in natural caves, or excavations made for the purpose; and hence the allusion of the Royal Psalmist, Ps. lxxxviii. 3—12, in calling the grave "a pit," and speaking of "the slain who lie in the grave," undistinguished and even forgotten. As these humbler graves were covered only by a board or very light stone, which was easily displaced, and not, usually, set up again, the graves do not appear, and are frequently walked over unperceived. Luke xi. 44.

The language of Solomon, found in Prov. vii. 27, alludes very strikingly to these many-chambered sepulchres—"Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." This language, and that in chapter ix. 18, "He knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell," both figuratively point out the dangers that beset the path of the young man void of understanding. How entering first the portals of vice, he is beckoned on, as it were, even by the departed spirits of those who having fallen by the same detestable vice, would now encourage him in evil courses till he too is involved in their own fearful doom. How he follows, step by step, or from chamber to chamber, the downward path of evil counsellors, till he reaches the lowest receptacle, "the depths of hell," from which there is no redemption.

In Upper Egypt, where rocky mountains form the whole western boundary of the Valley of the Nile, tombs were constructed by excavations from the solid rock, costing incredible time and labor, but repaying both by their indestructibility. In Lower Egypt, there being no mountains, pits were dug and lined with brick, or caves were dug in rocks when they could be found. No nation of ancient or modern times has surpassed the Egyptians in the respect paid to their dead; and they do not, even at the present day, regard any labor or expense which may tend to preserve from decay the bodies of their deceased friends. Hence Diodorus has said of them, that they spent more upon their tombs than their houses. Some of their ancient vaults were of immense extent, consisting of many apartments connected with each other by galleries, and the walls of the rooms were covered with paintings delineating various scenes in the life of the departed. Sometimes he is seen surrounded by his family at a banquet, or engaged in a convivial dance, and at others, in the country, employed in hunting, fishing, or in various agricultural pursuits. As an eminent traveller has remarked, "everything in the tombs savors of life, but the corpse." The only solution that offers of this singular custom, is that the proprietor of the tomb, employed himself, while living, in the preparation, for his posterity, of what may be called a pictorial autobiography. We find many allusions both in the Scriptures and in the classics, which seem to refer to this custom of building and decorating one's own tomb, during life. In the Bible, we read of "the *house* appointed for all living," Job xxx. 23, the "long home," Eccl. xii. 5, "Bury me in the grave that I have digged," Gen. l. 5, "Because there were no graves in Egypt," &c., Ex. xiv. 11, "The graves are ready for me," Job xvii. 1, &c. Some of these are undoubtedly figurative; but where no reality exists there can be no type. Dr. Clark describes a tomb with the inscription, "Helen constructed this monument for herself," and he says "it was composed of five immense masses of stone, forming an upper chamber, which seemed to communicate with an inferior vault."

The Chinese build all their tombs in the exact form of the Greek letter Omega; and that letter being used by the Greeks to signify the end, and the grave being the termination of man's earthly career, there is certainly significance in the coincidence. Their tombs are usually built on the slopes of hills, and they occupy very extensive grounds where lands are plentiful, as in the Chinese colonial settlements; but in China proper, where every acre of arable land is needed for the sustenance of the four hundred teeming millions, who are crowded together in every habitable nook and corner of that vast empire, only rocky and barren spots, unfit for cultivation, are selected for cemeteries. The tombs are often resorted to by the survivors, for the purpose of offering prayers and sacrifices; and they continue to be kept in perfect repair so long as a male descendant survives. After the line becomes extinct, they are suffered to go to ruins; and in time are replaced by others.

It is not uncommon in some parts of Asia, to find erected over a group of graves, a house, having doors and windows, and furnished with seats; affording thus a convenient place of retirement for bereaved relatives, where they may resort to weep, pray, or meditate. In such places, the weary traveller, overtaken by night, often finds shelter; and hordes of robbers hide in them during the day, and sally forth at night to prosecute their lawless vocation.

It was probably in a tomb of this sort, that the demoniacs mentioned by St. Mark, chap. v., 5, as dwelling "among the tombs," found shelter when driven out from the abodes of men.

All over the East, tombs, of whatever construction, are frequently whitened, so that their exterior looks always fresh and new. Hence the language of our Lord to the hypocritical Pharisees, likening them, in their self-righteousness and conformity to outward ceremonials, while they neglected the "weightier matters of the law," to "whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but within are full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness."

In the same sense, he reproves them for building the tombs of the prophets, and garnishing the sepulchres of the righteous, while they not only turned a deaf ear to the instructions of "One greater than the prophets," but hated and persecuted Him, and in their fiendish malice, "went about to kill Him."

F. R. F.

LIFE.

We are born—we laugh—we weep;
  We love—we droop—we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
  Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
  Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
  Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
  Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
  To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
  We fight—and fly;
We love—we lose—and then, ere long,
  Stone dead we lie.
O! Life, is all thy song
  Endure and—die?

The Prince of Wales.

"Burleigh" writes to a Boston paper that the Prince of Wales, one of the best abused, is one of the really best fellows in England, and, considering the temptations constantly thrown in his way, a model Prince. Mr. Walker, the General Superintendent of the London Police, who has been thirty years in his present position, has known the Prince since he was born. It is his business to attend the Queen and Royal family in all their official movements, and in all their processions. As the future King of England Mr. Walker has had special charge of the Prince of Wales, either personally or through his officers, ever since he was a child. He has guarded him night and day; been in his company early and late; knew him at school, at Oxford and Cambridge; has attended him on his tours through all the English cities, and was with him in his late visit to Paris. Mr. Walker was the last man with whom the Prince shook hands when he left England on his present tour to Egypt. He says, on his own personal knowledge of the Prince from his boyhood, that the stories so rife about His Royal Highness of his drunkenness, debauchery, gambling, being in the hands of the Jews, and squandering his property, are base calumnies without the shadow of foundation. He is a high-toned English gentleman, doing nothing night or day to dishonor his name or cloud the high hopes connected with his future. He is represented as very impressible, desirous of gaining information, and generous to a fault. The stories of his ill-treatment of the Princess of Wales, or of his neglecting her, are equally untrue. He is exceedingly happy, and even jovial, in his house among his children. He is their companion and playmate, and does not hesitate to have with them a Royal romp. No one who has ever seen the Royal children, as they are called, can fail to be impressed with the fact that they are as well cultured as any children in the British dominion. The very children sweeping the street-crossings take off their hats to the children of the Prince of Wales, and are sure to get a bow in return or a courteous acknowledgment worthy of George IV.

In public the Prince is a model in his attentions to his wife. At picnics he looks after her that she takes no cold, guards her with shawls and clothing; indeed, he gives personal attention to the comforts of his guests, including his coachman, footman, and servants who wait upon the Royal party. He is a high-toned honorable man in all his dealings, official and personal. The Prince of Wales possesses great animal spirits, and his personal attention to his great estates does not afford him sufficient employment to answer his physical nature. On more than one occasion he has been known to attend fires and work at the brakes by the hour with the common firemen, glad of the chance to have a healthy recreation, and at the same time do a good thing. Such is the Prince of Wales as represented to "Burleigh" by one who knows him even better than his Royal mother. And such he believes him to be. If his mother, a model wife and woman, has not escaped the tongue of scandal—if the Prince Consort, his father, one of the purest men who ever lived, was foully maligned, the Prince of Wales cannot hope to escape.

☞ Ten thousand human beings set forth together on their journey. After ten years, one-third, at least, have disappeared. At the middle point of the common measure of life but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster, as the ranks grow thinner, they that remain till now become weary, and lie down and rise no more. At three score-and-ten, a band of some four hundred yet struggle on. At ninety, those have been reduced to a handful of thirty trembling patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One lingers, perhaps, a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again, and the work of death is finished.

Si Slokum to Jennie June.

Jennie June, languishing in "slavery gilded," not having anything else to do, wrote a letter concerning the status of "dear woman," and sent the same to the Hartford Times. The editor, a good-natured fellow, well known for his devotion to the fair sex generally, out of pure gallantry, and being a little short of "copy" at the time, published gentle Jennie's jaundiced jeremiad, and at the close of the same expressed the hope that his fair correspondent might be "all that God intended her to be," which was gentlemanly on his part, and proved him to be the good-natured fellow we asserted.

Jennie opens with a conundrum, thus:

"Will the time ever come when women will be born free to do and to be whatever they can?—free to decide their own destiny, without the compelling pressure, in any given direction, from friends or foes?"

And then adds doubtfully, "It may," but gives it up for "this generation," at least.

That's a poser, Jennie, that conundrum, and at present no convincing solution can be given. We might say "Yes," but you would shake your head and say, "I *can't* believe it." If we said "No," you would shake your little fist at us and say, "I *won't* believe it." We couldn't convince you either way, poor victim of "slavery gilded," and so we "give it up."

As to your doing and being whatever you can—what, where is the bar? You are debarred, by reason of female suffrage not being recognized, from Congress, we will admit; but state prisons are open to you as to men, and of two evils you should choose the least. What else is there that you cannot grasp, if you have the ability and courage to "do and dare?"—and necessary capital. If you haven't these requisites, which many men lack, it's *your* misfortune, and not *our* fault—isn't it?

Tell us what you can't "do," and "be," outside of voting and Congresswomen. Sculpture, painting, authorship and editorial duties are open to you, and you have the taste, ability, genius and will to enter these fields. You "teach the young idea how to shoot," pretty extensively, and should be, and no doubt you are, proud of it. In your ranks are lecturers, preachers, physicians, actresses, fortune-tellers, colporteurs, saleswomen, book-keepers, etc. The arts and sciences, polite and useful, are all open to you. You may study law if you wish, though clients might be a little fearful lest their secrets would out; you may discuss politics with the greatest "freedom," though having, as yet, but little voice in national or municipal affairs, but are not left entirely out in the cold, post-offices and Treasury clerkships being within your reach.

You run millinery establishments, barrooms, peanut stands, and sundry and divers other institutions of emolument and profit, and if you don't like city life you can go to farming—two young ladies of Iowa have lately taken up land in that state, and are running a farm on their own hook.

There's the tonsorial profession—nothing to hinder you from monopolizing this branch of industry, and we can promise you a fruitful field here. You could have all our custom. Who would go to Tom Higgins's shop when they could go to Jennie June's?

With the exception of voting and being Congresswomen, there is nothing, Jennie, you are not "free to do and to be," even to speculating in Erie and becoming stock gambler, if you possess the requisite will and ability, and necessary capital. Had you the Erie-possible qualities of Fisk, Jr., like him you could go it with a perfect looseness—pray, what's to hinder? But if you have only the qualities and nature of the *dear* gazelle, how do you expect to play the lion?

Some of the fraternity of women don't seem to have lost their heads as yet. Read:

"Mrs. Dolly Chandler and one hundred and ninety-four other women have sent a remonstrance to the Massachusetts Legislature against women suffrage, believing that it would 'diminish the purity, the dignity, and the moral influence of women, and bring into the family circle a dangerous element of discord, without securing additional strength, efficiency, or wisdom to the government or the nation,' and ask to be let alone, '*in the condition allotted to us by nature, by custom, and by religion.*'"

In addition to all that you now do and might do, of a useful nature, you are not restricted in your amusements and recreations. You have your orders, societies and clubs; you drive fast horses, play billiards, risk more or less in games of chance, such as "dollar stores," etc., and as much, perhaps, as the men in the great game of chance—Matrimony; you have your junketings at Delmonico's and other places; you—well, what don't you do? You say:—

"The husband is proud of his wife; he would not let her soil her white hands for the world; and he is delighted to gratify her every wish to the extent of his means. In society, and even at home, he is apparently her slave. And she boasts of his ready attention to her every behest. But she is dependent upon him."

Ah! that's where the shoe pinches, eh?—dependence. Say, Jennie, didn't she know as well before marriage as after, that she would be dependent upon him? Why didn't she remain single and *independent*—"free?" There was no law compelling her to marry him, and nothing in the "Constitution" as amended (?), to that effect. Even if the "old gentleman" was determined upon the match, all she had to do at the altar was, to muster up a little pluck and say "No." Fudge, Jennie, all fudge, this talk about "independence." Who is independent?—*N. Y. Leader.*

A Difficult Language.

A Frenchman of our acquaintance relates the following anecdote of himself with great good humor. Shortly after arriving in this country, and while he could speak the language very imperfectly, he was engaged as teacher of French in a young ladies' boarding-school. He kept his ears wide open to learn every new phrase, and progressed rapidly. One expression at the meals puzzled him for some time. He noticed that the young ladies often replied "Yes'm," when asked if they would be helped to some of the dishes. He carefully consulted his lexicon, to find the meaning of "Yes'm," but the word was not there. So he asked the principal, who informed him that it was the same as "*Oui Madame*," in French. He then was able to use the phrase correctly himself. But one day when asked to partake of something he chose to decline, he answered, "Nos'm," greatly to the amusement of the whole family. "They all laugh so happy," said he, in relating it; "I laugh to, very much."

An Affair of Honor.

Grace Greenwood, in the Independent, recounts an affair of honor which took place in Lebanon, during its occupancy by the French troops. Some of the Duc de Lauzun's aristocratic young subalterns, not imitating the modesty of their chief, were disposed to be rather supercilious, and to put on airs toward the young people of the town, when admitted to their informal parties and merry-makings. In this way a gay, handsome young captain gained an unenviable social distinction, and finally came to grief. At a rural ball, to which he had managed to gain admittance, his roving fancy was caught by a rustic beauty, a merry little coquette, who, not having "a soul above buttons," was not ill pleased with his ardent glances, and gallant, broken English, and who was immensely amused by marking the effect produced by his devotion on the countenance and demeanor of a certain stalwart young farmer present, and lowering darkly in the back-ground, to whom, if the truth must be told, this naughty little maid was betrothed. At last the dashing soldier grew a little too bold in his attentions. The lady became slightly alarmed, and her lover quite furious. He strode up to the Frenchman, with his eyes blazing and his hands clenched; but addressed him in a cool, steady tone, thus: "Look here, monseer, you French fellows come to America to fight, not to make love. So none of your flatterin', and palaverin', and parlevousin' about here. This young woman belongs to *me*; and you may just make yourself *scarce*, double quick time."

The young woman in question turned very white, *Monsieur le Captaine* turned very red; but, seeing that his Yankee rival looked very black, and was altogether an ugly customer to deal with on the spot, he merely said, very significantly: "Monsieur, have *raison*. *Certainment* we come to Amerique to *fight*." Then, bowing low to the lady, he strode haughtily away,

"With his sword cling, clang."

The next morning, an elderly French officer, who had grown grim and gray in the service, yet had been engaged, as principal or second, in more duels than battles, waited on the young farmer, whom he found in his barn, threshing, and presented a cartel. The farmer, laying down his flail, very deliberately opened the note, and tried to spell out its contents; but, as it was in French, he was obliged to get the Frenchman to interpret it. Somewhat to the surprise of that officer, who was eager for some agreeable event to break the monotony of a long winter encampment, he readily consented to a meeting. The second then reminded him that he, as the challenged party, was entitled to the choice of weapons.

"I don't care a button what he fights me with. I'm ready for him," said the Yankee, rather evasively, wiping the sweat and dust off his forehead with a blue cotton handkerchief.

"Ah! den, we prefare de *rapiere*, what you call the small sword. Will dat please monsieur, eh?" said the officer, bowing and smiling with overwhelming politeness.

"O! yes, as well as anything—small swords or horse-pistols; I ain't particular," replied the farmer, coolly. Then the time and place were agreed upon.

The Frenchman bowed himself out of the barn as out of the presence of royalty, the farmer took up his flail and went on with his threshing—thump, thump, thump!

Both parties came punctually to the duelling-ground, over in the wood, very early on a mild spring morning; the gay captain in undress uniform, with the old major, his *temin* bearing a brace of small swords; the surgeon of the legion, with his ominous case of instruments, his lint and bandages; then the farmer, in yet more undress uniform—*i. e.*, red flannel shirt and gray homespun trowsers, tucked into cowskin boots, his "hired man" for a second, and for his weapon the good hickory flail he had been swinging the day before!

Great was the astonishment and voluble the indignation of the Frenchman when finally made to understand that the rustic really intended to fight the duel with this ugly rural implement. But he sturdily stood his ground.

"I don't know anything about your toastin'-irons," he said; "but I *do* understand a flail, and I've just made up my mind to fight this here duel with a flail. So, monsieur, begin lungin' and pokin' at me just as quick as you please."

The perplexed captain then dropped down to a little friendly remonstrance; saying, very blandly,

"Pardon, monsieur, you know not de duel. Permit me to recommend de small sword. I lend him wis de most, most great *plaisir*, monsieur. You no take him? you fight wis dat ting? See you! I cut wis my *rapire* dat leetle *cordon* dat hold de two part togedder, *tout de suite*; and den where will you be, eh?"

The farmer laughed carelessly, and a little tauntingly, as he replied—

"Never mind me, cap'en. I'm obleged to you. I can look out for myself, I guess. Keep your extra small sword to spit your frogs on. I'll stick to my flail. And now let's to work! I'm in *suthin'* of a hurry to git back to my other thrashing job."

"*Bien*," said the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders. "If monsieur wills to *die*, I put myself at his service, *tout a fait*."

So they took their positions.

"One! two! three!"—at it they went! The Frenchman made a magnificent stroke, aimed at the weak point in his adversary's weapon; but missed, and fell back for a new demonstration. Then the Yankee giving a whirring swing with his flail, brought it down on the head of the captain, whack! making the powder fly and bringing that alert swordsman to the ground. He was not killed, but severely bruised and somewhat stunned. For some minutes the farmer stood in his place, leaning on his flail, watching the ministrations of the surgeon; then, as the Frenchman failed to "come to time," and declared himself satisfied ("*bien satisfait*,") the victor civilly bade the party good-morning, and strode from the field, followed by his man, and whistling the new air of "Yankee Doodle."

THE EFFECT.—An exchange says a neighbor who had repeatedly been urged by some female acquaintances to accompany them to a skating pond, at last yielded, no longer able to resist the blandishments of his bewitching tormentors. He went. He said he put on a pair of skates and struck boldly out, and the next thing he knew was himself in bed, the minister sitting beside him singing a psalm, the doctor courting his wife, and the undertaker measuring him for a walnut coffin.

WORDS.

FROM THE DRAMA OF "LIFE."

You love another. Him you recognize
As lord and master. Worthy of love is he.
You tell me this—and look into my eyes—
While round us throbs the wide, majestic sea.

It is not true. I feel it is not true.
Perhaps you think so—thinking I am bound.
But no man ever can be that to you
Which I am—never while the world goes round.

For you are mine in spirit—shall be mine
In this world's darkness, or the after light.
Some brilliant morning, by a law divine,
I'll claim my own, and all admit my right.

Then cumber not your soul with meaner ties.
Can you not watch with me one little hour?
Small is the cross, and glorious the crown—
Love in its perfect and resplendent flower!

AN ENGLISH COURT OF JUSTICE.

An English trial, in Westminster Hall, presents a rather different appearance from an American one. The English Judges and counsellors, with wigs, and silk-gowns, and formidable blue and crimson bags, have no counterpart in the United States, save only in the gowns of the Supreme Court Judges at Washington. And if our judges and lawyers were to adopt wigs and gowns, we are afraid that laughter instead of increased reverence would be the result. One thing however we must say for the Courts of England, that probably impartial justice between man and man, according to law, and in disregard of wealth, poverty, or political influence, is done more generally than in our own American courts.

THE RED COURT FARM.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE, OR DONE IN PASSION," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

CAPTAIN COPP.

Captain Copp was a true sailor, gifted with more good nature than common sense. On the rare occasion of receiving a young lady visitor under his roof, his hospitality and his heart alike ran riot. Anna Chester, the pretty, friendless girl whom he had heard of but never seen, was coming to him and his wife to be nursed into strength and health, and the captain anticipated the arrival as something to be made a fete of.

A feast too, by appearances. It was a bright summer morning, with a fresh breeze blowing from the sea; and the captain was abroad betimes with some flowing purple ribbons fastened round his glazed hat. Greatly to the grievance of Mrs. Copp: who had ventured to say that Anna was not a captured prize-ship, or a battle won, or even a wedding, that she should be rejoiced over to the extent of streamers. All of which Captain Copp was deaf to. He started by the ten o'clock omnibus for Jutpoint, having undertaken first of all to send home provisions for dinner. A pair of soles and two pounds of veal cutlet had been meekly suggested by Mrs. Copp.

The morning wore on. Sarah, the middle-aged, hard-featured, sensible-looking, thoroughly capable woman-servant, who was bold enough to dispute with her master, and not in the least to care at being likened to pirates and other disrespectful things, stood in the kitchen making a gooseberry pudding, when the butcher-boy came in without the ceremony of announcing himself; unless a knocking and pushing of his tray against the back door-posts, through awkwardness, could be called such.

"Some dishes, please," said he.

"Dishes!" retorted Sarah, who had one of the strongest tongues in Coastdown. "Dishes for what?"

"For this here meat. The captain have just been in and bought it, and master have sent it up."

He displayed some twelve or fifteen pounds of meat—beef, veal, lamb. Sarah's green eyes—good, honest, pleasant eyes in the main—glistened.

"Then your master's a fool. Didn't I tell him not to pay attention to the captain when he took those freaks in his head?" she demanded. "When he goes and buys up the whole shop—as he did one day last winter because he was expecting an old mate of his down—your master's not to notice him no more nor if he was a child. An uncommon soft *you* must be, to bring up all them joints! Did you think you was supplying the Red Court? Just you march back with 'em."

There was an interruption. While the boy stood staring at the meat, hardly knowing what to do, and rubbing his fingers amidst his shining black hair, Mrs. Copp entered the kitchen, and became acquainted with the state of affairs. She wore a pale muslin gown, as faded as her gentle self, with pale green ribbons.

"Dear me," she meekly cried, "all that meat! We could not get through the half of it while it was good? Do you think, James, your master would have any objection to take it back?"

"Objection! He'll take it back, ma'am, whether he has any objection or not," cried the positive Sarah. "Now then! who's this?"

Somebody seemed to be clattering up in clogs. A woman with the fish: three pairs of large soles and a score or two of herrings, which the captain had bought and paid for. Mrs. Copp, fearing what else might be coming, looked inclined to cry. The exasperated Sarah, more practical, took her hands out of the paste, wiped the flour off them on her check apron, and went darting across the heath without bonnet to the butcher's shop, the boy and his tray of rejected meat slowly following her. There she commenced a wordy war with the butcher, accusing him of being an idiot, with other disparaging epithets, and went marching home in triumph carrying two pounds of veal cutlet.

"And that's too much for us," she cried to her mistress, "with all that stock of fish and the pudding. What on earth is to be done with the fish, I don't know. If I fry a pair for dinner, and pickle the herrings, there'll be two pair left. *They* won't pickle. One had need to have poor folk coming here as they do at the Red Court. Master's gone off with purple streamers flying from his hat; I think he'd more need to put on bells."

Scarcely had she got her hands into the flour again, when another person arrived. A girl with a goose. It was in its feathers, just killed.

"If you please, ma'am," said she to Sarah, with a curtsey, "mother says she'll stick the other as soon as ever she can catch him; but he's runned away over the common. Mother sent me up with this for 'fraid you should be waiting to pluck him. The captain said they was to come up sharp."

Sarah could almost have found in her heart to "stick" her master. She was a faithful servant, and the waste of money vexed her. Mrs. Copp, quite unable to battle with the petty ills of life, left the strong-minded woman to fight against these, and ran away to her parlor.

The respected cause of all this, meanwhile, had reached Jutpoint, he and his streamers. There he had to wait a considerable time, but the train came in at last, and brought the travellers.

They occupied a first-class compartment in the middle of the train. There had been a little matter about the tickets at starting. Isaac Thornycroft procured them; when they were seated, Anna took out her purse to repay him, and found she had not enough money in it. A little more that she possessed was in her box. Accustomed to travel second-class, even third, the cost of the ticket was more than she had thought for. Eighteen-pence short!

"If you will please to take this, I will repay you the rest as soon as I can get to my box," she said, with painful embarrassment—an embarrassment that Isaac could not fail to notice and to wonder at. Reared as she had been, money were to her an undue value; to want it in a time of need seemed little short of a crime. She turned the silver about in her hands, blushing painfully. Miss Thornycroft discerned somewhat of the case.

"Never mind, Anna. I dare say you thought to travel second-class. You can repay my brother later."

Isaac's quick brain took in the whole. This poor friendless girl, kept at the Miss Jupps' almost out of charity, had less money in a year for necessities than he would sometimes spend in an hour in frivolity. Anna held out the silver still, with the rose-colored flush deepening on her delicate cheeks.

"What is it, Miss Chester?" he suddenly said. "Why do your offer me your money?"

"You took my ticket, did you not?"

"Certainly," he answered, showing the three little pieces of card in his waistcoat. "But I held the money for yours beforehand. Put up your purse."

"Did you?" she answered, in great relief, but embarrassed still. "Did Mrs. Copp give it you?—or Miss Jupp?—or—or the captain?" Isaac laughed.

"You had better not inquire into secrets, Miss Chester. All I can tell you is, I had the money for your ticket in my pocket. Where is that important article—the wicker bottle? Captain Copp will expect it returned to him—empty."

"It is empty now; Miss Jupp poured out the rum-and-water," she answered, laughing. "I have it all safe."

She put up her purse as she spoke, inquiring no further as to the donor in her spirit of implicit obedience, but concluded it must have been Miss Jupp. And she never knew the truth until—until it was too late to repay Isaac.

At the terminus, side by side with the captain and his streamers, stood Justice Thornycroft. Anna remembered him well; the tall, fine, genial-natured man whom she had seen three years before in the day's visit to Mrs. Chester. All thought of her had long ago passed from his memory, but he recognized the face—the pale, patient, gentle face, which, even then, had struck Mr. Thornycroft as being the sweetest he had ever looked upon. It so struck him now.

"Where have I seen you?" he asked. And Anna told him.

The carriage, very much to the displeasure of Mary Anne, had not come over for her. Mr. Thornycroft explained that one of the horses he generally drove in it was found to be lame that morning. They got into the omnibus, the captain preferring to place himself with his ribbons and his wooden leg flat on the roof amidst the luggage. On the outskirts of Jutpoint, in obedience to his signal, the driver came to a standstill before the door of the "White Cliff" public house, and the captain's head appeared at the back window, in a hanging position, inquiring whether brandy or rum would be preferred; adding, with a somewhat fierce look at Mr. Thornycroft and Isaac, that *he* should stand glasses round this time. Very much to the captain's discomfiture, the young ladies and the gentlemen declined both; so the only order the crestfallen captain could give the White Cliff, was for two glasses of rum, cold without; that were disposed of by himself and the driver.

"Mind, Anna! I feel three-parts of a stranger in this place, and have really not a friend of my own age and condition in it, so you must supply the place of one to me during these holidays," said Miss Thornycroft, as the omnibus reached its destination—the Mermaid. "Part of every day I shall expect you to spend at the Red Court."

"I beg to second that," whispered Isaac, taking Anna's hand to help her out. And she blushed again that day for about the fiftieth time without knowing why or wherefore.

Not upon these summer holidays can we linger, because so much time must be spent on those of the next winter. *On those of the next winter!* If the inmates of the Red Court Farm could but have foreseen what those holidays were to bring forth for them! or Mary Anne Thornycroft dreamt of the consequences of indulging her own self-will! Just a few words more of the present, and then we go on.

Anna Chester's sojourn at Coastdown was passing swiftly, and she seemed as in a very Elysium. The days of toil, of servitude, of incessant care for others were over, temporarily at any rate, and she enjoyed comfort and rest. The hospitable, good-hearted sailor-captain, with his tales of the sea-serpent, the mermaid he had seen, and other marvels; the meek, gentle, ever-thoughtful Mrs. Copp, who caused Anna to address her as "aunt," and behaved more kindly to her than any aunt did yet; the most charming visits day by day to the Red Court Farm, and the constant society of Isaac Thornycroft. Ah, there it lay—the strange fascination that all things were beginning to possess around her—in the companionship of *him*. To say that Isaac Thornycroft, hitherto so mockingly heart-whole, had fallen in love with Anna the first evening he saw her at Miss Jupp's, would be going too far, but he was certainly three-parts in love before they reached Coastdown the following day. To watch her gentle face became like the sweetest music to Isaac Thornycroft. To see her ever-wakeful attentions to her entertainers, her gratitude for their kindness, her prompt help of Sarah when extra work was to be done, her loving care for the friendless and poor, was something new to Isaac, altogether out of his experience. Come weal, come woe, he resolved that this girl should be his wife. People, in their thoughtless gossip, had been wont to predict a high-born and wealthy bride for the attractive second son of Justice Thornycroft; this humble orphan, the poor daughter of the many years poor and humble curate, was the one he fixed upon, with all the world before him to choose from. How Fate changes plans! "L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose," was one of the most solemn truisms ever penned. Long ere the six weeks of holidays had passed, Isaac Thornycroft and Anna Chester had become all in all to each other: and he, a man accustomed to act upon impulse, spoke out.

It was during an evening walk to the Red Court Farm. Anna was going to tea there; Isaac met her on the heath—no unusual thing—and turned to walk by her side. Both were silent after the first greeting; true love is rarely eloquent. With her soft cheeks blushing, her pale eyelids drooping, her heart wildly beating, Anna sought—at first in vain—to find some topic of conversation, and chose but a lame one.

"Has Mary Anne finished her screen?"

Isaac smiled. "As if I knew!"

"She has the other one to do; and we shall be going back in a week."

"Not in a week!"

"The holidays will be up in a week to-morrow."

A vista of the miserable time after her departure, when all things would be dark and dreary, wanting her who had come to make his heart's sunshine, cast its foreshadowing across the brain of Isaac. He turned to her in his impulse, speaking passionately.

"Anna, I cannot lose you. Rather than that, I must—I must—"

"Must what?" she asked innocently.

"Keep you here on a visit to myself—a visit that can never terminate."

Insensibly, she drew a little from him. Not that the words would have been unwelcome had circumstances justified them; how welcome, the sudden rush of inward joy, the wild coursing on of all her pulses, told her. But—loving him though she did; conscious or half-conscious of his love for her—it never occurred to the mind of Anna Chester that a union would be within the range of possibility. She—the poor humble slave—be wedded by a great and wealthy gentleman like Isaac Thornycroft!

"Would you object to the visit, Anna—though it were to be for life?"

"It could not be," she answered, in a low tone, not affecting to misunderstand him.

"Oh, couldn't it!" said Isaac, amused, and taking up rather the wrong view of the words. "But if you and I say it shall?"

"Halloa! Is it you, Isaac? How d'ye do, Miss Chester?"

Richard Thornycroft, coming suddenly into the path from a side crossing, halted as he spoke. Isaac, put out for once in his life, bit his lips.

"I want you, Isaac. I was looking for you. Here's some bother up."

"What bother?" testily rejoined Isaac.

"You had better come down and hear it. Tomlett— Come along."

Seeing plainly that his walk with Anna was over for the time, Isaac Thornycroft turned off with his brother, leaving Anna to go on alone to the gate, which was in sight.

"Good-day for the present, Anna," he said, with apparent carelessness. "Tell Mary Anne not to wait tea for me. I may not be in."

More forcibly than ever on this evening, when she sat in the spacious drawing-room surrounded by its many elegancies, did the contrast between the Red Court and her own poor home of the past strike on the senses of Anna Chester. Nothing that moderate wealth could purchase was *here* wanting. Several servants, spacious and handsome rooms, luxuries to please the eye and please the palate. Look at the tea-table laid out there! The delicately-made Worcester china, rich in hues of purple and gold; the chased silver tea and coffee service on their chased silver stands; small fringed damask napkins on the purple and gold plates. Shrimps large as prawns, potted meats, rolled bread-and-butter, muffins, rich cake, and marmalade, are there; for it is Justice Thornycroft's will that all meals, if laid, shall be laid well. Sometimes a cup of tea only came in for Miss Thornycroft, as it used to do for my lady when she was there. It almost seemed to Anna Chester as if she were enacting a deceit, a lie, in sitting at it, its honored guest, for whom those things were spread, when she thought of the scrambling meals in her former home with Mrs. Chester's children. The old tea-cups—for as one got broken it would be replaced by another of any shape or pattern, provided it were cheap; saucers notched; cracked cups without handles; the stale loaf on the table; the scanty untidy plate of salt butter, of which she had to cut perpetual slices, like Werther's Charlotte; the stained table without a cover, crumbs strewing it. Look on this picture and on that, Anna did, in deep dejection; and the thought which had faintly presented itself to her mind when Isaac Thornycroft spoke his momentous words, grew into grim and defined shape, and would not be scared away—that she could be no fit wife for Isaac. She resolved to tell him of these things, and of her own unfitness; how very poor she was, always had been, always (according to present prospects) would be; and beg him to think no more of her; and she did not doubt he would unsay his words of his own accord when he came to know of it. It is true she winced at the task; but her conscience told her it must be done, though her heart should faint at it. She could imagine no fate so bright in the wide world as that of becoming the wife of Isaac Thornycroft.

"What makes you so silent this evening?"

Anna started at Miss Thornycroft's words. That young lady was eyeing her with curiosity.

"I was only thinking," she answered, with a vivid blush. "Oh, and I forgot; your brother wished me to ask you not to wait tea for him."

"My brother! Which of them?"

"Mr. Isaac."

"Very considerate, I'm sure! seeing that I never do wait and that if I did he would probably not come in."

There was a mocking tone in her voice that Anna rather winced at as applied to Isaac. She went on explaining where she saw him; that he and Richard had walked away together—she fancied to Tomlett's.

"They are a great deal too intimate with Tomlett," spoke Miss Thornycroft, curling her lip. "He is no better than a boatman. My belief is, they go and drink gin-and-water with him. They ought to have more pride."

"Mr. Richard said there was some 'bother.'"

"Oh! of course; any excuse before you. I tell you, Anna, they are just a couple of loose young men."

The "loose young men" came in shortly; Richard to go away again, Isaac to remain. He had told Mrs. Copp he would see her home safely. "Let it be by daylight, if you please," answered that discreet lady.

Not by daylight, but under the stars of the sweet summer's night, they went out. There was no one to see; the way was lonely; and Isaac drew Anna's hand within his arm for the first time and kept it a prisoner.

"I must take care of you, Anna, as you are to become my own property."

"But I—I am not to become that; I wish I could, but it is impossible," she stammered, setting about her task in hesitating perplexity.

"Anna, do you understand me. I am asking you to be my wife?"

"Yes, I—I believe I understand; and I feel very grateful to you, all the same."

"All the same!" Isaac Thornycroft released her hand and turned to face her. "Just tell me what you mean. Don't you care for me?"

Agitated, embarrassed, she burst into tears. Isaac took both her hands now, holding them before him. They had reached the churchyard, and its graves were distinct in the twilight; the stars looked down on them from the blue sky above; the sound of the surging sea came over with a faint murmur.

"I thought you loved me, Anna. Surely I cannot have been steering on a wrong tack?"

As the soft eyes glanced at him through their tears, he saw enough to know that *she* did love him. Reassured on that score, he turned and walked on again, her arm kept within his.

"Now tell me what you mean," he said, quietly. "There can be no other bar."

"I do not know how to tell you," she answered. "I do not like to tell you."

"Nonsense, Anna. I shall keep you out here pacing the heath until you do tell, though it be until morning, which would certainly send Mrs. Copp into a fit."

Not very awkwardly when she had fairly entered upon it, Anna told her tale—her sense of the unfitness, nay, the impossibility of the union—of the wide social gulf that lay between them. Isaac met the communication with a laugh.

"Is that all? It is my turn now to understand. You have been reared a gentlewoman, Anna."

"Papa was a clergyman. I have been reared, I think, to nothing but work. We were so very poor. My home—ah! if you could see, if you could imagine the contrast it presented to this of yours! As I sat in your drawing-room to-night I could not help feeling the difference forcibly."

If Isaac Thornycroft had not seen what she spoke of, he had seen something else—that never in his whole life had he met any one who gave him so entirely the idea of a gentlewoman—as this girl now speaking with him, Anna Chester. He continued in evident amusement.

"Let us see how your objection can be refuted. You play and sing?"

"A little."

"You draw?"

"A little."

"You can dance?"

"Yes; I can dance."

"Why, then—not to enter on other desirable qualities—you are an accomplished young lady. What *do* you mean about unfitness?"

"I see you are laughing at me," she said, the tears struggling to her eyes again. "I am so very poor; I teach for the merest trifle: it barely finds me in the cheapest clothes. I only looked forward to a life of work. And you are rich—at least Mr. Thornycroft is."

"If we have a superfluity of riches, there's all the more cause for me to dispense with them in a wife. Besides, when I set up my tent, it will not be on the scale of my father's house. "Anna, my darling!" he added, with a strange gravity in his eye and tone, "we are more on an equality than you may deem."

She made no reply, having enough to do to keep her tears from falling.

"I have sufficient for comfort—a sort of love-in-a-cottage establishment," went on Isaac; "and I am heartily sick of my bachelor's life. It leads me into all sorts of extravagances, and is unsatisfactory at the best. You must promise to be my wife, Anna."

"There are the lights in Captain Copp's parlor," said she, with singular irrelevance.

"Just so. But you do not go in until I have your promise."

"They were saying one day, some of them—I think it was Mrs. Connaught—that you would be sure to marry into one of the good county families," murmured Anna.

"Did they? I hope the disappointment won't be too much for them. I shall marry you, Anna, and none other."

"But what would your family say? Your father—your sister?"

"Just what they pleased. Anna, pardon me, I am only teasing you. Believe me, they will only be too glad to hear of it; glad that the wild, unsteady (as Mary Anne is pleased to call me on occasion) Isaac Thornycroft should make himself into a respectable man. Anna! can you not trust me?"

She had trusted all her life, yielded implicitly to the sway of those who held influence over her; little chance was there, then, that she could hold out now. Isaac Thornycroft received the promise his heart hungered for, and sealed it.

Her face gathered against his breast; her slight form shrinking in his strong arms; he kept her there a prisoner; his voice breathing soft love-vows; his blue eyes bent greedily on her blushing face; his kisses, the only honest kisses his life had known, pressed again and again upon her lips.

"Who on earth *is* that? Avast, thieves! sea serpents! pirates!"

The gallant Captain Copp, his night-glass pushed out at the open window to an acute angle, had been contemplating these puzzling proceedings for some time. Fortunately he did not distinguish very clearly, and remained ignorant of the real matter. Ill-conditioned people, tipsy fishermen and else, their brains muddled with drink, found their way to the heath on occasion, and the captain considered it a duty to society to order them off. Sweeping the horizon and the nearer plain to-night, his glass had shown him some object not easy to make out. The longer Captain Copp waited for it to move, the longer it stayed stationary; the more he turned his glass, the less chance did it appear to give of revealing itself. Naturally, two people in close proximity, the head of the taller one bent over the other so as to leave no indication of the human form, would present a puzzling paradox when viewed through a night glass: the captain came to the conclusion that it was the most extraordinary spectacle ever presented to his eyes since they had looked on that sea-serpent in the Pacific; and he rose his voice to hail it when suspense was becoming quite unbearable.

Isaac Thornycroft, adroitly sheltering his companion, glided up the little opening by Mrs. Connaught's. In a few minutes, when the captain had drawn his head and glass in for a respite, he walked boldly up to the door by the side of Anna.

"Good-evening, captain."

"Good-evening," blithely responded the

captain. "Sorry you should have the trouble of bringing her home. Come in, Anna. I say, did you meet any queer thing on the heath?"

"Queer thing?" responded Isaac.

"A man without a head, or anything of that light sort?"

"No. There's a strange horse browsing a bit lower down," added Isaac. "Some stray animal."

The captain considered, and came to the conclusion that it could not well have been the horse. What it really was he did not conjecture.

Meanwhile Anna Chester had gone upstairs to the pleasant little room she occupied, and took off her bonnet in a maze of rapture. The world had changed into a heavenly Elysium.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ISAAC THORNYCROFT'S STRATAGEM.

A still evening in October. The red light in the west, following on a glorious sunset, threw its last rays athwart the sea: the evening star came out in its brightness; the fishing boats were bearing steadily for home.

Captain Copp's parlor was alight with a ruddy glow; not of the sun but of the fire. It shone brightly on the captain's face, at rest now. He had put down his pipe on the hearth, after carefully knocking the smouldering ashes out, and gone quietly to sleep, his wooden leg laid flat on an opposite chair, his other leg stretched over it. Mrs. Copp sat knitting a stocking by fire-light, her gentle face rather thoughtful; and, half-kneeling, half-sitting on the hearth-rug, reading, was Anna Chester.

She was here still. When Mary Anne Thornycroft returned to school after the summer holidays, Captain Copp had resolutely avowed Anna should stay with him. What was six weeks, he fiercely demanded, to get up a lady's health: let her stop six months, and then he'd see about it. Mrs. Copp hardly knew what to say, between her wish to keep Anna and her fear of putting the Miss Juppa to an inconvenience. "Inconvenience be shot!" politely rejoined the captain; and Mary Anne Thornycroft went back without her, bearing an explanatory and deprecatory letter.

It almost seemed to the girl that the delighted beating of her heart—at the consciousness of staying longer in the place that contained *him*—must be a guilty joy,—guilty because it was concealed. Certainly not from herself might come the first news of her engagement to Isaac Thornycroft: she was far too humble, too timid, to make the announcement. Truth to say she only half believed in it: it seemed too blissful to be true. While Isaac did not proclaim it, she was quite content to let it rest a secret from the whole world. And so the months had gone on; Anna living in her paradise of happiness; Isaac making love to her privately in very fervent tenderness.

In saying to Anna Chester that his family would be only too glad to see him married, Isaac Thornycroft (and a doubt that it might prove so lay dimly in his mind when he said it) found that he had reckoned without his host. At the first intimation of his possible intention, Mr. Thornycroft and Richard rose up in arms against it. What they said was breathed in his ear alone, earnestly, forcibly; and Isaac, who saw how fruitless would be all pleading on his part, burst out laughing, and let them think the whole a joke. A hasty word spoken by Richard in his temper as he came striding out of the inner passage, caught the ear of Mary Anne.

"Isaac, what did he mean? Surely you are not going to be married?"

"They thought I was," answered Isaac, laughing. "I married! Would anybody have me, do you suppose, Mary Anne?"

"I think Miss Tindal would. There would be heaps of money and a good connection, you know, Isaac."

Miss Tindal was a strong-minded lady in spectacles, who owned to thirty years and thirty thousand pounds. She quoted Latin, rode straight across the country after the hounds, and was moreover a baronet's niece. A broad smile played over Isaac's lips.

"Miss Tindal's big enough to shake me. I think she would, too, on provocation. She can take her fences better than I can. That's not the kind of woman I'd marry. I should like a meek one."

"A meek one!" echoed Mary Anne, wondering whether he was speaking in derision. "What do you call a meek one?"

"A modest gentle girl who would *not* shake me. Such a one as—let me see, where is there one?—as Anna Chester, say, for example."

All the scorn the words deserved seemed concentrated in Miss Thornycroft's haughty face.

"As good marry a beggar as *her*. Why, Isaac, she is only a working teacher—a half-boarder at school! She is not one of *us*."

He laughed off the alarm as he had done his father's and brother's a few minutes before, the line of conduct completely disarming all parties. *She* would not tolerate Miss Chester, *they* would not tolerate his marriage at all: that was plain. Isaac Thornycroft did not care openly to oppose his family, or be opposed by them: he let the subject drop out of remembrance, and left the future to the future. But he said not a word of this to Anna; she suspected nothing of it, and was just as contented as he to let things take their course in silence. To her there seemed but one possible calamity in the world; and that lay in being separated from him.

Sitting on the hearth-rug, in the October evening, her eyes on the small print by the fire-light, getting dim now, Anna's heart was a-glow within her, for that evening was to be spent with Isaac Thornycroft. A gentleman with his daughter was staying for a couple of days at the Red Court, and Anna had been asked to go there for the evening, and bear the young lady company.

"My dear," whispered Mrs. Copp, in the midst of her knitting, "is it not getting late? You will have the daylight quite gone."

Anna glanced up. It was getting late; but Isaac Thornycroft had said to her, "I shall fetch you." Still the habit of implicit obedience was, as ever, strong upon her, and she would fain have started there and then, in compliance with the suggestion.

"What a noise Sarah's making!"

"So she is," assented Mrs. Copp, as a noise like the bumping about of boxes, followed by talking, grew upon their ears. Another moment, and Sarah opened the door.

"A visitor," she announced in an uncompromising voice, and the captain started up, prepared to explode a little, at being aroused. Which fact Sarah was no doubt anticipating, and she spoke again.

"It is your mother, sir."

"Yes, it's me, Sam," cried an upright wiry lady, very positive and abrupt in manner. Her face looked as if weather-beaten, and she wore large round tortoise shell spectacles.

"Who's that?" she cried, sitting down on the large sofa, as Anna stood up in her pretty silk dress, with the pink ribbons in her hair. Who? The daughter of the Reverend James Chester and his first wife! You are very like your father, child, but prettier. Where's my sea-chest to go, Sam?"

"I am truly glad to see you, dear mother," whispered Amy Copp, in her loving way. "The best bedroom is not in order, but—"

"And can't be put in order before to-morrow," interposed Sarah, who had no notion of being taken by storm in this way. "The luggage had better be put in the back kitchen for to-night."

"Is there much luggage?" asked the captain.

"Nothing to speak of," said Mrs. Copp, who, being used to the accommodation of a roomy ship, regarded quantity accordingly. Sarah coughed.

"My biggest sea-chest, four trunks, two band-boxes, and a few odd parcels," continued the traveller. "I am going to spend Christmas with some friends in London, but I thought I'd come to you first. As to the room not being in apple-pie order, that's nothing. I'm an old sailor; I'm not particular."

"Put a pillow down here, if that's all," cried the captain, indicating the hearth-rug. "Mother has slept in many a worse berth; haven't ye, mother?"

"Ay, lad, that I have. But now I shall want some of those boxes unpacked to-night. I have got a set of furs for you, Amy, somewhere; I don't know which box they were put in."

Amy was overpowered.

"You are too good to me," she murmured, with tears in her eyes.

"And I have brought you a potato-steamer; that's in another," added Mrs. Copp. "I have taken to have mine steamed lately, Sam; you'd never eat them again boiled, if you once tried it."

In the midst of this bustle Isaac Thornycroft walked in. Anna, in a flutter of heart-delight, but with a calm manner, went upstairs, and came down with her bonnet on, to find Isaac opening box after box, in the back kitchen, under Mrs. Copp's direction, in search of the furs and the potato-steamer, the captain assisting, Amy standing by. The articles were found, and Isaac, laughing heartily in his gay, good-humor, went off with Anna.

"What time am I to fetch you, Miss Anna?" inquired Sarah, as they went out.

"I will see Miss Chester home," answered Isaac: "you are busy to-night."

Mrs. Copp, gazing through her tortoise-shell spectacles at the potato-steamer, as she pointed out its beauties, suddenly turned to another subject, and brought her glasses to bear on her son and his wife.

"Which of the Thornycrofts is that? I forget."

"Isaac; the second son."

"To be sure; Isaac, the best and handsomest of the bunch. You must take care," added Mrs. Copp, shrewdly.

"Take care of what?"

"They might be falling in love with each other. I don't know whether he's much here. He is as fine a fellow as you'd see in a day's march; and she's just the pretty, gentle thing that fine men fancy."

Had it been anybody but his mother, Captain Copp would have shown his sense of the caution in strong language.

"Moonshine and rubbish," cried he. "Isaac Thornycroft's not the one to entangle himself with a sweetheart; the young Thornycrofts are not marrying men; and if he were, would look a little higher than poor Anna Chester."

"That's just it, the reason why you should be cautious, Sam," rejoined Mrs. Copp. "Not being suitable, there'd be no doubt a bother over it at the Red Court."

Amy, saying something about looking to the state of the spare room, left them in the parlor. Truth to say, the hint had scared her. Down deep in her mind, for some short while past, had a suspicion lain that they were rather more attached to each other than need be. She had only hoped it was not so. She did not by any means see her way clear to hinder it, and was content to let the half fear rest; but these words had roused it in all its force. They had somehow brought a conviction of the fact, and she saw trouble looming. What else could come of it? Anna was no match for Isaac Thornycroft.

"Sam," began Mrs. Copp, when she was alone with her son, "how does Amy continue to go on? Makes a good wife still?"

Captain Copp nodded complacently.

"Never a better wife going. No tantrums—no blowings off; knits all my stockings and woollen jerseys."

"You must have a quiet house."

"Should, if 'twere not for Sarah. She fires off for herself and Amy too. I'm obliged to keep her under."

"Ah," said Mrs. Copp, rubbing her chin. "Then I expect you get up some breezes together. But she's not a bad servant, Sam."

"She's a clipper, mother—A 1; couldn't steer along without her."

What with the boxes, and what with the exactions of the spare bed-room to render it habitable for the night, for Mrs. Copp generally chose to put herself into everybody's business, and especially into her own, the two ladies had to leave Captain Copp very much to his own society. Solitude is the time for reflection, we are told, and it may have been the cause of the captain's recurring again and again to the hint his mother had dropped in regard to Isaac Thornycroft. That there was nothing in it *yet* he fully assumed, and it might be as well to take precautions that nothing should be in it for the future. Prevention was better than cure. Being a straightforward man, one who could not have gone in a round-about or cautious way to work, it occurred to the captain to say a word to Mr. Isaac on the very first opportunity.

It was the first evening Anna had spent at the Red Court since Miss Thornycroft left it. The walk there, the sojourn, the walk home again by moonlight, all seemed to partake of Heaven's own happiness—perfect, pure, peaceful. There had been plenty and plenty of opportunities for lingering together in the twilight on the heath in coming home from the sea-shore, but this was the first long legitimate walk they had taken; and considering that they were sixty minutes over it, when they might have done it in sixteen, it cannot be said they hurried themselves.

The captain was at the window, not looking on the broad expanse before him, but at the faint light seen now and again from some fishing vessel cruising in the distance. It was his favorite look-out; and, except on a boisterous or rainy night, the shutters were rarely closed until ten o'clock.

"Come in and have a glass of grog with me," was his salutation to Isaac Thornycroft, as he and Anna came to the gate. "'Twill be a charity," added the captain. "I'm all alone. Mother's gone up to bed tired, and Amy's looking after her."

Isaac came in and sat down, but wanted to decline the grog. Captain Copp was offended, so to pacify him he mixed some. As Anna held out her hand to the captain to say good-night, he noticed that her soft eyes were full of loving light: her generally delicate cheeks were a hot crimson.

"Hope it hasn't come to kissing," thought the shrewd and somewhat discomfited sailor.

"How well your mother wears!" observed Isaac.

"She was always tough," replied Captain Copp, in a thankful accent. "Hope she will be for many a year to come. Look here, Mr. Isaac, I meant to say a word to you. Don't you begin any sweethearting with that girl of ours, or talking nonsense of that sort. It wouldn't do, you know."

"Wouldn't it?" returned Isaac, carelessly.

"Wouldn't it! Why, bless and save my wooden leg, *would* it? A pretty uproar there'd be at the Red Court. I'd not have such a thing happen for the best three-decker that was ever launched. I'd rather quarrel with the whole of Coastdown than with your folks."

"Rather quarrel with me, captain, than with them, I suppose," returned Isaac, stirring his grog.

Captain Copp looked hard at him.

"I should think so."

By intuition, rather than by outward signs, Isaac Thornycroft saw that the obstinate old sailor would be true to the backbone to what he deemed *right;* that he might as well ask for Amy Copp as for Anna Chester, unless he could produce credentials from his father. And so he could only temporise and disarm suspicion. Honorable by nature though he was, he considered the suppression of affairs justifiable, on the score, we must suppose that "All stratagems are fair in love and war."

"Good health, captain," said he, with a merry laugh—a laugh that somehow reassured Captain Copp. "And now tell me what wonderful event put you up to say this."

"It was mother," answered the simple-minded captain. "The thought struck her somehow—you were both of you good-looking, she said. I knew there was no danger; 'the young Thornycrofts are not marrying men,' I said to her. But now, look here—you and Anna had not better go out together again, lest other people should take up the same notions."

With these words Captain Copp believed he had settled the matter, and done all that was necessary in the way of warning. He said as much to Amy, confidentially. Whether it might have proved so, he had not the opportunity of judging. On the following morning that lady received a pressing summons to repair to London. One of her sisters, staying there temporarily, was seized with illness, and begged the captain's wife to come and nurse her. By the next train she had started, taking Anna.

"To be out of harm's way," she said to herself. "To help me take care of Maria," she said to the captain.

Mrs. Wortley was a widow without children. So many events have to be crowded in, and the story thickens so greatly, that nothing more need be said of her. The lodgings she had been temporarily occupying were near to old St. Pancras Church, and there Mrs. Sam Copp and Anna found her—two brave, skillful, tender nurses, ever ready to do their best.

Never before had Anna found illness wearisome; never before thought London the most dreary spot on earth. Ah, it was not in the locality; it was not in the illness that the ennui lay; but in the absence of Isaac Thornycroft. He called to see them once, rather to the chagrin of the captain's wife, and he met Anna the same day when she went for her walk. Mrs. Sam Copp did not suspect it.

They had been in London about a month, the invalid was better, and Mrs. Copp began to talk of returning home again; when one dark November morning, upon Anna's returning home from her walk—which Mrs. Copp, remembering her past weak condition, the result of work and confinement, insisted on her taking—Isaac Thornycroft came in with her. He put his hat down on the table, took Mrs. Copp's hands in his, and was entering upon some story, evidently a solemn one, when Anna nearly startled Mrs. Copp into fits by falling at her feet with a prayer for forgiveness, and bursting into tears.

"Oh, aunt, forgive, forgive me! Isaac overpersuaded me; he did indeed."

"Persuaded you to what?" asked Mrs. Copp.

"To become my wife," interposed Isaac. "We were married this morning."

The first thing Mrs. Copp did was to sink into a chair, her hair rising up on end; the next was to go into hysterics. Isaac, quiet, calm, gentlemanly as ever, sent Anna away while he told the tale.

"I thought it the best plan," he avowed. "When I met Anna out yesterday—by chance as she thought—I got a promise from her to meet me again this morning, no matter what the weather might be. It turned out to be a dense fog, but she came. Through the fog I got her into the church door, and took her to a clergyman, waiting at the altar for us, before she well knew what was going to be."

Mrs. Copp threw up her hands, and screamed, and cried, and for once in her life called another creature deceitful—meaning Anna. But Anna—as he hastened to explain—had not been deceitful; she had but yielded to his strong will in the agitation and surprise of the moment. Calculating upon this defect in her character—if it could be called a defect, brought up as she had been—Isaac Thornycroft had made the arrangements at St. Pancras church without saying a word to her; and, as it really may be said, surprised her into the marriage at the time of its taking place.

"There's the certificate," he said; "I asked the clergyman to give me one. Put it up carefully, dear Mrs. Copp."

"To be married in this way!" moaned poor Mrs. Copp. "My husband had liquor glasses of rum served out in the vestry at our wedding, but that was not half as bad as this. Not a single witness on either side to countenance it!"

"Pardon me; my brother Cyril was present," answered Isaac. "I telegraphed for him last night, and he reached town this morning."

Isaac Thornycroft had sent for his brother out of pure kindness to Anna, that the ceremony might so far be countenanced. It had turned out to be the most crafty precaution he could have taken. Seeing Cyril, Anna never supposed but that the Thornycroft family knew of it; otherwise, yielding though she was in spirit, she might have withstood even Isaac. Cyril gave her away.

"And now," said Isaac, in an interval between the tears and moans, "I am going to take Anna away with me for a week."

Little by little Mrs. Copp succeeded in comprehending Mr. Isaac's programme. To all intents and purposes he intended this to be a perfectly secret marriage, and to remain so until the horizon before them should be clear of clouds. When Mrs. Copp went back home, Anna would return with her as Miss Chester, and they must be content with seeing each other occasionally as ordinary acquaintances.

Mrs. Copp could only stare and gasp. "Away with you for a week! and then home again with me as Miss Chester? Oh, Mr. Isaac! you do not consider. Suppose her good name should suffer?"

A slight frown contracted the capacious brow of Isaac Thornycroft. "Do you not see the precautions I have taken will prevent that? On the first breath of need my brother Cyril will come forward to testify to the marriage, and you hold the certificate of it. Believe me, I weighed all, and laid my plans accordingly. I chose to make Anna my wife. It is not expedient to proclaim it just yet to the world—to your friends or to mine; but I have done the best I could do under the circumstances. Cyril will be true to us and keep the secret; I know you will also."

Mrs. Sam. Copp faintly protested that she should never get over the blow. Isaac, with his sunny smile, his persuasive voice, told her she would do so before the day was out, and saw her seal the certificate in a large envelope and look it up.

Then he started with his bride to a small unfrequented fishing village in quite the opposite direction to Coastdown. And Anna had been married some days before she knew that her marriage was a secret from her husband's family, Cyril excepted, and to be kept one. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ An amusing case was brought before the police court at Dover, N. H., recently. It was a case of indiscriminate kissing upon the public highway. A gentleman passing up Central street conceived the notion of kissing every lady he met; of course he met some who were not willing, at least until after an introduction. For this rudeness he was brought before the judge, and having been found guilty, was fined five dollars and costs, to which he certainly could not object, if the luxury was worth anything.

☞ Is there any other city in the world like New York in its bustling haste and hurry? A traveller in Europe remarks that no city visited during his tour seemed so busy as New York. Although Paris and London have twice or thrice times the number of inhabitants, the people did not seem in such a hurry; the street crowds there moved along leisurely, as if they had but little to do, and plenty of time in which to do it.

☞ The first instance of any one being run over and fatally injured by a velocipede comes from France. "The venerable pastor and well-known writer, Martin Paschoud, was walking to Lamartine's late residence at Passy, to inquire for the family, when he was run over and so severely injured by a velocipedist that he had to be carried into the villa. The Countess Cessiot de Lamartine sent for two doctors, who gave little hopes of his recovery."

☞ The snow shed of the Central Pacific Railroad is the biggest building in the world. It is 16 feet wide, 16 feet high, and 22 miles long, and took about forty million feet of lumber.

☞ Any one who is much talked of must be much maligned. This seems to be a harsh conclusion; but when you consider how much more given men are to depreciate than to appreciate, you will acknowledge that there is some truth in the saying.

☞ LITTLE WOMEN. — Goethe was a prince of poets and the master-spirit of the age. "From my dear little mother I derive my happy disposition," he records in one of his poems. "Little" as she was, she had an energy and power, a moral force which well befitted the mother of one of the greatest names in Germany.

☞ Three gentlemen of Chicago—such is the report—have clubbed together and ordered three copies of Longfellow's "Dante" to be issued for them upon large paper, to be illustrated with Doré's and Flaxman's designs and many of the rare Dante prints. Only three copies will be printed, and the cost will be $1,000 per copy.

☞ The "steamboat war" on the Upper Missouri is over, the rival lines having agreed to stop cheating each other so that they may devote their undivided attention to the public.

☞ A husband and wife out sleighing in Austin, Nevada, missed the baby, and at last found the little ball of flannel a mile back, way down in a snow drift, safe and sound. A sudden jolt had thrown it out of mamma's lap.

☞ If we had the length of life that the patriarchs enjoyed, after we had learnt everything that was to be learnt, and had made a few discoveries of our own, and had arranged all our affairs most comfortably, there would then be time to spare for carrying on a good, wholesome feud with any of our neighbors, and for annoying the world generally by vexatious diplomacy and long wars. One could then afford to spend a trifle of time, say twenty or thirty years of our lives, in pleasures of this kind. But with our present short period of existence, there is no time for indulging in these luxuries of mischief.

☞ There are five tunnels of the Union Pacific Railroad, in all 1,868 feet.

☞ In 1868 the ten Southern states produced 223,000,000 bushels corn, being 40,000,000 more than in 1867.

☞ A man called another an extortioner for suing him. "Why, my friend," replied the man who brought the suit, "I did it to oblige you." "To oblige me, indeed—how so?" "Why, to oblige you to pay me."

☞ An oyster was recently fished up at Stamford, Conn., which contained 127 pearls, and one at New Haven which had 293, varying in size from a buckshot to that of a mustard seed.

☞ A London theatre intends to allow a discount to those who buy seats in advance, on the ground that it is to the advantage of a theatre to sell its seats.

☞ A man with an evil habit fixed in his soul is as badly off as a nut with a worm in its kernel.

Turning the Tables.

"Halt! Your money or your life! Throw up your hands!" exclaimed a stranger, stepping out from the shadow, while accompanying the words might plainly be heard the sharp click of a pistol. The person addressed was a weary newspaper man, wending his lonely way homeward in the outskirts of the city, at about three o'clock the other morning.

"O, yes, certainly. I'm in no hurry. Only walking for exercise. Just as soon hold up my hands as not. I'm not armed. Please turn that pistol a little to one side. It makes me nervous."

"Hand over your cash!"

"Haven't nary a red with me. You see they took that all away from me when they entered my name on the books."

"When did they take your money from you?"

"O, yes; why, at the pest-house. You see I'm a small-pox patient, just out for exercise. They wouldn't let me walk about in daylight with my face in this condition, so I have to go it after dark, and late at night when the streets are empty. By-the-way, stranger, the wind is rather in your direction, and unless you aint particular about it, it might be just as well to stand on the other side. I've got my old silver watch, though. If you like it, come and take it. You're at perfect liberty to search me if you like, only don't point that pistol this way; it's uncomfortable. D'ye want the old watch?"

"No, thank you," said the robber, backing away and around to the other side. "I couldn't take anything from a man as unfortunate as you. Here; there's half a dollar for you, poor fellow. Go and get something to drink," and he threw the coin toward him, still backing off. "Now," said he, "you turn back and go round the block the other way. As you're only walking for exercise it won't incommode you—"

"O, not a particle; I'd just as soon walk with you, if you desire it. Either way, though, it's all the same to me. Thank you for the half. Won't you join me and drink to my recovery?"

"Well, you go round the block the other way, and as I haven't hurt you, say nothing about having met me. I guess I'll go this way," and then watching till the supposed small-pox patient turned the corner, he started off on a full run in the opposite direction.

Mr. Newspaper man proceeded on homeward undisturbed, and slept the sleep of one who enjoys the consciousness of having done a good thing, and four bits the better off for having met a highwayman.—*Golden Era.*

ADVERTISEMENTS of a curious character occasionally appear in English papers, which give the impression that work is really becoming genteel in the old country, and that a spasmodic effort, at least, is being made by some oppressed individuals to free themselves from the dominion of—*servants.* The following is a specimen: "Board and residence for work. An old literary gentleman invites two widow ladies, about 40, to assist him in doing without servants, except a char-woman once a week. One lady must undertake entrees, soups, and jellies. Both must be strong and healthy, so that the work may be rather pleasant than irksome; two-thirds of it being for their own comfort, as no company is ever kept. A private sitting-room. Laundry free. All dining together at 7 o'clock. References of mercantile exactness required."

☞ The French papers attribute a *mot* to Lamartine, for which, had he been still alive, they would scarcely have liked to make him responsible. Some one asked the poet whether he was not spending too much money in advertising his publications. "No," he is reported to have answered, "advertisements are absolutely necessary. Even Divine worship" (in the original, *le bon Dieu*) "needs advertising. Otherwise what is the meaning of church bells?"

☞ A Mrs. Constantine, of Fort Hamilton, N. Y., gave birth, a few days since, to a triad of male children, whose united weight was 18½ pounds, and who bore such a striking resemblance to each other that it was found necessary to affix some distinguishing mark to the clothing of each. Mrs. Tasso very patriotically chose the national colors—red, white and blue—and affixed them to the clothing of the infants, according to seniority. George Washington, Francis and Joseph were the names given to the trio, and at last accounts they and the mother were in a flourishing condition.

I SAW a model husband in a dream,
Where things are not exactly what they seem;
A moral man, to skeptics be it known;
The wife he loved and cherished was—his own;
And for the test—I saw the husband wait
With horse and chaise five minutes at the gate,
While Jane put on her things; nor spake one sour
Or bitter word, though waiting half an hour
For dinner; and, like Patience on a throne,
He didn't swear to find a button gone.

☞ A crippled boy in St. Stephens, N. B., has taught two cats, a year and a half old, to draw in all the wood used for two fires. The lad taught them to go about yoked together when a few weeks old, and afterward to haul a little cart and then to haul wood on it. One cat weighs eight pounds and the other six, and they rejoice in the names of Tom and Nell. Nell is much smarter than Tom, and will haul the load alone sometimes, fastening her claws in the rug and pulling with all her strength.

☞ A Wisconsin shoemaker has orders for a pair of shoes No. 16½. They are to be thirteen and a half inches long and five and a half inches broad, and are designed for a foreigner. One of the Wisconsin papers thinks the customer must be meditating a return to his native land independent of steam lines.

☞ The number of slaves in Cuba is three hundred and eighty thousand—one-third of the whole population.

☞ The latest gossip about the elder Dumas is that he has fled Paris to escape his creditors and brought up at Havre, where he has placarded the streets with manifestoes, reading: "Men of Havre! the author of Monte Cristo is among you. Come and see him." When they come he sells them his autograph.

☞ It is calculated that it will take seven days to go from San Francisco by railroad to Philadelphia, a distance of thirty-three hundred miles.

☞ A Rocky Mountain editor, alluding to the demand for female suffrage, female doctors and female clergymen, remarks that another want suggests itself—that of female women.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

(Established 1861.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

Receive their Teas by the cargo from the best Tea districts of China and Japan, and sell them in quantities to suit customers

AT CARGO PRICES.

CLUB ORDERS PROMPTLY SUPPLIED

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
GUNPOWDER, (Green), best $1 50 ₩ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

ORDINARY COFFEE, 20c., 25c, 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED (Unground), 30c., 35c., best 40c. ₩ lb. GREEN (Unroasted), 25c., 30c., 35c., best 35c ₩ lb.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned, at our expense, within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

CAUTION.—As some concerns, in this city and other places, imitate our name and style of advertising and doing business, it is important that our friends should be very careful to write our address in full, and also to put on the number of our Post Office Box, as appears in this advertisement. This will prevent their orders from getting into the hands of these *bogus imitators.*

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.
POST-OFFICE BOX No. 5643 NEW YORK CITY.
oct31-tf

NEW

CRAYONS.

NEW

WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN'S

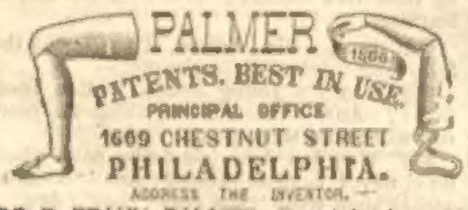
LATEST NOVELTY:

Connoisseurs in Art, and all who are tired of the old style of photographs, are invited to examine these new Pictures as they pass the Gallery of the undersigned,

914 CHESTNUT STREET.

These beautiful effects, first introduced by this firm, are precisely those of the fine French lithographs "*Aux Deux Crayons,*" and may be imparted to all sizes of portraiture from the Carte de Visite to the largest heads.

Wenderoth, Taylor & Brown.
ap10-7t



DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, PRES'T A.A.L.M.B. C'T

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations,* and full information for *persons in want of limbs,* sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed.
oct30-1y

Husband's Calcined Magnesia

is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

The World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,

THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Philadelphia.
jan30-3m

"FUN, FUN."—Rubber Balloons.—Wonderful, instructive, amusing. Full directions and two sample balloons ready for use, sent for only 25 cts., post-paid. Address HUNTER & CO., ap24-4t Hinsdale, N. H.

SENT FREE.—THE BOOK OF WONDERS. Tells how either sex can make $10 daily; contains valuable Recipes and information. Address FISH & CO., Jersey City, N. J.

30 GALLONS OF WHISKEY for $1.—Full instructions for 50 cents. Address B. C. WEST, Port Deposit, Maryland. mar6-3m

"Veni, Vidi, Vici."

The forthcoming number of the Illustrated Western World, printed in oil colors, will be the most beautiful paper ever issued from the press since the art of printing was discovered. Remember, it is the only paper in the world whose illustrations are printed in from one to seven distinct colors at a single impression. Aside from the beautiful illustrations which accompany it weekly every number is replete with glowing Romances, Love and Historic Tales. It is a fit companion of every fireside—the magazine of every branch of literature—the champion of all noble industries—the support of the farmer, merchant, artisan, and the education of the masses. Send for specimen copies. Sold by all news dealers. Subscription, $3 per annum. Address THE WESTERN WORLD CO., corner Park Place and College Place, P. O. Box 4929, New York.

Physicians! Give your patients Sweet Quinine!

$10 TO $20 PER DAY SURE, and no risk. Agents wanted everywhere, on commission or by the month, to sell our *Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines.* For full particulars, address the AMERICAN WIRE CO., 75 William St., New York, or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

$3000 SALARY. Address U. S. PIANO CO., N. Y.

COME UNTO ME all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11—28.

WANTED, AGENTS.—"*Wonder of the World,*" is warranted to cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia. Sold on the package system. Not to be paid for until tested. I pay $60 per month and commission, to distribute packages. J. C. TILTON, Pittsburg, Pa.

WALKER'S ADDING MACHINE

Will add three columns of figures at a time **correctly,** about as quick as a good writer can set them down. Leading accountants say it is the most practical **Adding Machine** ever in use. Agents wanted. **There is money in it.** Sample sent to any address for **One Dollar.** R. H. WALKER, 208 Broadway, New York. P. O. Box 2988.

"FOR what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul."

To THE WORKING CLASS.—I am now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at their homes, the whole of the time, or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Fifty cents to $5 per evening, is easily earned by persons of either sex, and the boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. Great inducements are offered those who will devote their whole time to the business; and, that every person who sees this notice, may send me their address and test the business for themselves, I make the following unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied with the business, I will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing me. Full particulars, directions, &c., sent free. Sample sent by mail for 10 cts. Address E. C. ALLEN, Augusta, Me.

THE DOLLAR SUN.
CHARLES A. DANA'S PAPER.

The cheapest, neatest, and most readable of New York journals. Everybody likes it. Three editions. DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY, and WEEKLY, at $6, $2, and $1 a year. Full reports of markets, agriculture, Farmers' and Fruit Growers' Clubs, and a complete story in every weekly and semi-weekly number. A valuable present to every subscriber. Send for specimen, with premium list. I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher Sun, New York.

$10 A DAY to agents selling SILVERS' PATENT ELASTIC BROOMS. *Horace Greeley* says: "I predict its success." CLEGG & CO., 36 Cortlandt St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED for the only steel engraving of Gen. Grant and his family, published with their approval. Size 15x19. Address GOODSPEED & CO., 37 Park Row, New York.

Woolen Remnants
AT FACTORY PRICES.
☞ Samples and prices sent free. Address PAUL, the Remnant Man, Providence, R. I.

THE WOODRUFF BAROMETER.
Best, cheapest, prettiest and only perfectly portable Barometer ever made. Also, over three hundred styles Thermometers, made by CHAS. WILDER, Peterboro, New Hampshire. Agents wanted in every county.

DEAFNESS, CATARRH, SCROFULA.—A lady who had suffered for years from DEAFNESS, CATARRH, and SCROFULA, was cured by a simple remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompts her to send the receipts free of charge to any one similarly afflicted. Address Mrs. M. C. LEGGETT, Hoboken, N. J.

BEAUTY UNPARALLELED.—IVINS' Patent Hair Crimpers. Essential to every lady's toilet. No heat required in using them. For sale at variety stores. *Beware of imitations.* The trade supplied by wholesale notion dealers in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Made only by E. IVINS, 1301 Marshall St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE UNRIVALLED PRIZE TOMATO

One-fourth Natural Size.

"GENERAL GRANT."

We take pleasure in announcing to the public that we have secured the entire stock of this justly celebrated Tomato. We believe it the nearest approach to perfection of anything of the kind yet offered, combining more superior qualities.

Size, above the medium, three to four inches in diameter, growing in clusters; form round, slightly flattened, very regular, symmetrical, and rarely ribbed or wrinkled; color brilliant glossy crimson; flesh unusually firm, solid and free from water, weighing from 10 to 20 pounds more per bushel than any other varieties, skin remarkably fine, smooth, and shining, coloring well up to the stem—a quality very desirable to those procuring them for the table; very productive and of the finest flavor; bears carriage well and keeps in good condition a long time after being gathered, retaining its goodness, and free from wilting.

Andrew S. Fuller, author of Small Fruit Culturist,
We have had an opportunity of testing this Tomato the past season, and believe it will prove to be one of the very best varieties in cultivation.

C. N. Brackett, Chairman of the Veg. Com. Mass. Hort. Soc.
I have given the new Tomato, Gen. Grant, a fair trial of two seasons, in connection with a dozen or more of the new varieties recently introduced, such as the Cook's Favorite, Tilden, Valencia, Cluster, Keyes, Eureka, Maupay, Foard, Cedar Hill, &c., and find it surpasses them all in earliness, productiveness and all the qualities which I consider requisite in a first-class market variety, and can heartily recommend it. No person, I think, who makes any of the above named varieties his standard of excellence, will, after giving this variety one season's trial, grow any other. Its extraordinary beauty and singular richness of color command the attention of the most careless observer.

C. Bates, of Kingston, originator of Bates' Early.
The Gen. Grant Tomato I have tried with several other varieties, viz.:—Cedar Hill, Foard, Tilden, Keyes, Bates' Early. The Gen. Grant beat all in earliness except Bates' Early; with that it was about "neck-and-neck." But for beauty of form, color, and compact flesh it stands head and shoulders above all the rest. Planted May 15th, fruit ripe, August 6th.

Price per packet 25 cents; 5 packets $1; post-paid by mail. Prices to the trade on application.
WASHBURN & CO., Horticultural Hall, Boston.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Advertising Agents,
40 Park Row, New York.

$15 THE COLLINS WATCH FACTORY. $20

Our superior Oroide Watches having recently been imitated, and worthless Watches sold in New York, Boston, Chicago and other cities, represented as our Watches, we hereby caution the public against them, and give notice that we are in no way responsible for these bogus concerns, and only those purchasing directly from us can secure a genuine Watch of our manufacture. We have recently greatly improved our Oroide in appearance and durability; and to protect the public from imposition hereafter, have named it the "COLLINS METAL," and we give notice that any one making use of this name will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.

This metal has all the brilliancy and durability of Gold; cannot be distinguished from it by the best judges; retains its color till worn out, and is equal to gold excepting in intrinsic value. All our gentlemen's Watches are *Full-Jeweled Patent Levers;* those for ladies, an Improved Escapement, better than a Lever for a small Watch; all in Hunting-Cases, and fully guaranteed by special certificate. The $15 Watches are equal in neatness, style of finish, general appearance, and for time, to a Gold one costing $150. Those of $20 are of *extra* fine finish, and are fully equal to a Gold Watch costing $200. Chains of every style, from $2 to $5.

JEWELRY.—We are manufacturing all kinds of Jewelry of the Collins Metal, Pins, Earrings, Sleeve Buttons, Lockets, Studs, Finger-rings' Bracelets, Pencils, Charms, Odd-Fellow and Masonic Pins, etc., all of the latest and most elegant styles, and fully equal to Gold in appearance and wear.

TO CLUBS.—Where six Watches are ordered at one time, we will send one extra Watch free of charge.

Goods sent to any part of the United States by express, to be paid for on delivery. Money need not be sent with the order, as bills can be paid when goods are taken from the express office. Customers must pay all express charges. We employ no Agents; orders must therefore be sent directly to us. In ordering, write plainly the name, town, county and state. Customers in the city will remember that our *only Office* is

Nos. 37 and 39 Nassau St., Opposite the Post-Office (up stairs) New York.
ap1 3-3m C. E. COLLINS & CO.

SHERMAN

RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN, Artistic Surgeon, respectfully notifies his patients, and the large number of afflicted persons who have called at his office during his absence, anxious to receive the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 697 Broadway.

DR. SHERMAN'S inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical curatives for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

DR. SHERMAN is the founder of the "Manado Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps. jel3-1y

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

have the FINEST TONE, more POWER, and it takes LESS MONEY to buy them than any other INSTRUMENT in the market. Great inducements offered to Sunday-schools and churches. A liberal discount made to clergymen. Send for a circular and price list.

E. M. BRUCE,
16 North Seventh Street,
mar14-tf Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED FOR
Sights and Secrets
OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

A work descriptive of Washington City; its high and low life, magnificent public buildings, hidden mysteries, villanies and corruptions, the inside workings of the Government. Showing how the public money is squandered; how rings are managed; how officials are blackmailed; how counterfeiting is carried on; and all about female lobby members, lady clerks, &c. It is the spiciest, most thrilling, instructive, and startling book published.

☞ Send for circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work. Address
UNITED STATES PUBLISHING CO.,
ap10-3m 411 Broome St., New York.

GREATLY INCREASED DEMAND for the *MENDENHALL IMPROVED SELF-ACTING HAND LOOM* sold by H. T. THOMAS (successor to A. B. GATES & Co.,) who has now improved and perfected the above Loom, so that Rag Carpets, Satinet, Jeans, Linseys, Tweed Balmoral Skirting and numerous other styles, with the Fly Shuttle can be woven by simply turning an easy crank at the rate of 20 to 30 yards per day by a girl or boy thirteen or fourteen years of age.

For testimonials, circulars, samples of cloth, price list, &c., address with stamps H. T. THOMAS, 29 North 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Also supplies warp on beam or in chain for cloth or carpet reeds, harness, shuttles, bobbins, &c., &c. feb6-3m

THE "BEST" SEWING MACHINE.—Will do ALL that any machine can do. Price only $18.—(Beware of all $2, $5 and $10 machines.) It is the cheapest and best. Agents wanted. Samples very low to agents. Wanted, one smart agent to control each county. Speak quick. Address
ASHUELOT S. M. CO.,
ap24-3t Hinsdale, N. H.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP.

Queen of England Soap. Queen of England Soap

For doing a family washing in the best and cheapest manner. Guaranteed equal to any in the world! Has all the strength of the old rosin soap with the mild and lathering qualities of genuine Castile. Try this splendid Soap. Sold by the
ALDEN CHEMICAL WORKS,
jy18-1y 48 North Front St., Philadelphia.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE.

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed for* 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
jel7-tf Box 220, Boston, MASS.

A PHYSICIAN'S LEGACY.—Full directions by which any one can easily prepare a certain cure for *DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINTS, DEBILITY,* &c., mailed to invalids on receipt of 10 cts. *It has stood the test of over 40 years.* Address Dr. PALMER, Lock Box P., Brooklyn, New York. ap17-4t

20TH THOUSAND.—Hunter's Guide and Trapper's Companion. How to hunt, fish, and trap ALL animals. How to tan and cure hides, &c. New secrets, &c. Worth $10 to any boy or farmer. Neatly printed and bound—only 25 cts., post-paid; 6 for $1. Send to HUNTER & CO.,
ap24-3t Hinsdale, N. H.

"THE MOST LAUGHABLE THING ON EARTH!"—A game that can be played by any number of persons; is susceptible of 50,000 changes; endless transformations of wit and humor; producing roars of laughter. Just the thing for old folks and young folks, evening parties, and dull days. A sure cure for home-sickness and the blues. Sent, post-paid, per return mail, on receipt of 50 cents; three for $1. Address *Wallkill Valley Times,* Montgomery, Orange Co., N. Y. jan16-tf

DON'T BE HUMBUGGED BY CHEAP Stencil Plates. A finely cut Stencil Plate with Ink, Brush and Directions for using, sent by mail for 50 cents; fancy styles 75 cents. All plates warranted. Send to G. G. MILLER, Luzerne, Warren Co., New York. ap24-4t

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 35 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. ap3-17t

ART OF LOVE.—This book shows how to gain the affections of the opposite sex. Any man or woman can thus win the one they love. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent by mail for 25 cents; 2 for 50 cents; 7 for $1; or $10 per 100. TUTTLE & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. ap3-3m

THE
Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,
PITTSFIELD, MASS.,
Hon. THOS. M. PLUNKETT, President.
JAMES FRANCIS, Vice President.
BENJ. CHICKERING, Sec'y and Treasurer.
JACOB L. GREENE, Assistant Secretary.

This company offers *Greater Inducements to Policy Holders than any other company in the country.*

It has a Perpetual Charter, a Purely Mutual Plan, Assets over a Million and a Quarter, able and trustworthy officers. An enviable reputation of seventeen years standing.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so *expressed* in the Policy.

An ANNUAL Payment Life Policy is NOT FORFEITED by failure to pay Premium when due, but is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment keeps the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments, four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments, six years and twenty-seven days.
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AN INTERESTING LETTER is published in the Medico-Chirurgical Review, on the subject of the Extract of Sarsaparilla in certain affections, by Benjamin Travers, F. R. S., &c. Speaking of those diseases, and diseases arising from the *excessive* mercury, he states *that no remedy is equal to the Extract of Sarsaparilla; its power is extraordinary, more so than any other drug I am acquainted with. It is, in the strictest sense, a tonic with this invaluable attribute, that it is applicable to a state of the system so sunken, and yet so irritable as renders other substances of the tonic class unavailable or injurious.*

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Pleasures of Travel in America.

The philosophical patience with which Americans take those moving accidents by flood and field, reminds one of the Stoic of olden time. For instance, when the roads are bad, it is usual for passengers to get out and walk until the travel becomes better; and in case of the coach getting fixed (i. e. stuck up to the hub in a stiff mudrut, or heeled over,) the common expedient is to get a fence-rail, or two or three, and by a judicious application of lever power, and a vigorous use of the thong, the passengers and horses commonly get all right again; but frequently the wheels require to be pried out so often, that when the stake fence is not at hand, a passenger carries a rail along on his shoulder, as a portable avail against an emergency.

An instance, however, is mentioned of an over sensitive hoosier who had to walk ten or twelve miles, with the mud halfway up his cow-hide boots, and who had done good service with his rail, but felt a little "riled, and kind of disposed to talk right out about the darned thing;" and on coming into the village, and proceeding to the coach agent's office indignantly, and addressing that functionary, said:

"You're agent, I guess?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, look here; I'm passenger by that stage, stranger! and I want to go back again to-morrow; but though I don't object to pay my fare and walk through, I'm consarned if I believe in having to carry a rail."

Manuscript Sermons.

Bishop Meade, of Virginia, at the commencement of his preaching, used no notes in the pulpit; but subsequently he wrote all his sermons, and was much confined to his manuscripts. It is related of him that, when he was preparing a book on the old preachers and families of Virginia, he asked Mr. Andrew Hunter, of Jefferson county, Va., to give him some anecdotes for the work. Mr. Hunter said, "Well, Bishop, I have only one, and that is about yourself." "Let us have it, then," said the prelate. Mr. H. then told the following:—

"Many years ago, when this Valley of Virginia was a much wilder country than now, you preached here, in Jefferson county. You used no notes on that occasion. A certain hunter, distinguished for his skill with the rifle, and who had a supreme contempt for a man who required 'a rest' from which to shoot, was in the congregation and listened attentively to you. You wore your clerical robes, and he was struck with the strange dress, as he had not heard many Episcopal preachers. After the sermon, some one asked him how he liked the preacher. 'He's a right down good preacher,' said the hunter; 'and, by the way, he's the only one of them petticoat preachers that I ever heard *that could preach without a rest.*'"

Buffaloes and Brad-Awls.

The buffaloes found in the telegraph poles of the overland line a new source of delight on the treeless prairie—the novelty of having something to scratch against. But it was expensive scratching for the telegraph company, and, there indeed, was the rub, for the bisons shook down miles of wire daily. A bright idea struck somebody to send to St. Louis and Chicago for all the brad-awls that could be purchased, and these were driven into the poles with a view to wound the animals and check their rubbing propensity. Never was a greater mistake. The buffaloes were delighted. For the first time they came to the scratch sure of a sensation in their thick hides that would thrill them from horn to tail. They would go fifteen miles to find a brad-awl. They fought battles round the poles containing them, and the victor would proudly climb the mountainous heap of the fallen, and scratch himself into bliss until the brad-awl broke, or the pole came down. There has been no demand for brad-awls from the Kansas region since the first invoice.

Knowing Whom to Kick.

The late Colonel McClung, of Mississippi, once got into a dispute in the office of the Prentiss House of Vicksburg, with a rowdy, when, to end the matter without delay, he took the rowdy by the "nap of the neck," led him to the door and kicked him into the street. The kickee picked himself up, walked away, and here the matter ended. Some weeks after, McClung was in New Orleans, and when walking up St. Charles street saw the fellow he had kicked out of the Prentiss House kicking a third party out of a drinking saloon. McClung walked up to his old acquaintance, once kicked but now the kicker, and after scanning him closely, said—

"Look here, my fine fellow, are you not the man I kicked out of the Prentiss House the other day?"

"Softly, softly, colonel," replied the rowdy, taking him by the arm, "don't mention it—I'm the man—but—but you and I know whom to kick!"

Discipline at Bull Run.

General Slocum, in his lecture, tells the following story of the battle of Bull Run:—

The influence of our officers over their men, and the state of our discipline, is best illustrated by an incident which occurred on the field in the heat of the battle. An officer, who has since become very prominent and well-known throughout the country, was then in command of a brigade on the right of our line. While riding over the field, he discovered a soldier concealed in a hole in the ground, which was of just sufficient dimensions to afford him shelter. The general rode up to him, inquired as to his regiment, and ordered him to join it at once. The man, looking him full in the face, placed his thumb upon his nose and replied—

"*No you don't, old fellow; you want this hole yourself.*"

GOOD ADVICE.—An elderly gentleman accustomed to "indulge," entered the room of a certain tavern, where sat a grave Friend by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles upon his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for hot brandy and water, he complained to the Friend that "his eyes were getting weaker, and that even spectacles didn't seem to do them any good."

"I'll tell thee, friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think. If thee were to wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months thy eyes would get well again."

This was what happened to Augustus Washington Popkin, last season at Long Branch. While he was trying to witch the world with noble horsemanship, his "blooded" steed began to lie down in the water.

What a Spider Eats Per Diem.

In order to test what a spider can do in the way of eating, we rose about daybreak in the morning to supply his fine web with a fly. At first, however, the spider did not come from his retreat, so we peeped among the leaves, and there discovered that an earwig had been caught and was now being feasted on. The spider left the earwig, rolled up the fly, and at once returned to his "first course." This was at half-past five A. M., in September. At seven A. M. the earwig had been demolished, and the spider, after resting a while, and probably enjoying a nap, came down for the fly, which he had finished at nine A. M. A little after nine we supplied him with a daddy long-legs, which he ate by noon. At one o'clock a blowfly was greedily seized, and then immediately, with an appetite apparently no worse for his previous indulgence, he commenced on the blowfly.

During the day and towards evening, a great many small green flies, or what are popularly termed midges, had been caught in the web; of these we counted one hundred and twenty all dead and fast prisoners in the spider's net. Soon after dark, provided with a lantern, we went to examine whether the spider was suffering from indigestion or in any other way from his previous meals; instead, however, of being thus affected, he was employed in rolling up together the various little green midges which he then took to his retreat for tea. This process he repeated, carrying up the lots in little detachments, until the web was eaten, for the web and its contents were bundled up together. A slight rest of about an hour was followed by the most industrious web-making process, and before daybreak another web was ready to be used in the same way. Taking the relative size of the spider and of the creatures it ate, and applying this to a man, it would be somewhat as follows: At daybreak a small alligator was eaten; at 7 A. M. a lamb; at 9 A. M. a young cameleopard; at 2 o'clock a sheep, and during the night one hundred and twenty larks. This, we believe, would be a very fair allowance for a man during twenty-four hours; and could we find one gifted with such an appetite and digestion, we can readily comprehend how he might spin five miles of web without killing himself, provided he possessed the necessary machinery.—*English Paper.*

Lovers' Jealousy.

The splendid unreasonableness of love is nowhere more clearly shown than in the conception which each lover forms of what the other lover ought to be. Take the case of a man who falls in love with a pretty pair of eyes, a good set of teeth, and a sweet smile. The young lady has a pleasant disposition, she moves in the same rank of society as himself, she has lived all her life with respectable and discreet parents; finally, she timidly confesses that she loves him—and what more can a man want in a wife? But the moment he comes into possession of her esteem and affection he absurdly imagines that all her past history belongs to him. He convinces himself that she ought to have conducted herself all along as if she knew she would at some future time be his chosen one, although, as a matter of fact, she did not make his acquaintance—had never seen him even—until a few months ago. He can not, for the life of him, keep from picturing her to himself, not as what she reasonably must have been, but as what he unreasonably imagines her to have been and to be. And the very first attribute of the idealized girl is that she shall never have smiled upon any other man's face than his. She must never have had secret preferences among the lads whom her brothers brought home from school with them. She must never have written letters to any man—not even to her handsome cousin, the sailor, when he was abroad. She must never have been kissed by any one outside her own sex—not even under the mistletoe. She must never have thought of marrying any one; she must never have allowed any one to think of marrying her. In short, previous to her knowing him, her heart must have been a blank sheet of paper, waiting for him to come and inscribe his initials upon it.

The notion amounts to this:—Tom is twenty-six years of age, has been in love a dozen times, and, in the beginning of January, 1807, falls in love again, with Emily, who is nineteen years of age. They become confirmed lovers, and prepare to marry. Now Tom's idea is that Emily shall have lived her nineteen years without having felt any heart-warmth for any man at any time; and that, just to suit him, she suddenly, in the beginning of January, 1807, allows her heart to burst into the full flower of love. A superior compliment—if it were practicable.

☞ A Paris cafe strikes Americans with awe by displaying among its edibles "ponkeen piah."

A Story of a Dream.

Rev. L. W. Lewis, in his Reminiscences of the War, now being published in the Texas Christian Advocate, relates the annexed remarkable instance as literally true. The battle referred to was that of Prairie Grove, in North-west Arkansas, fought Dec. 7, 1862:—

"A curious fulfilment of a dream occurred at this battle under my own eye. A man by the name of Joe Williams had told a dream to many of his fellow-soldiers, some of whom had related it to me months previous to the occurrence, which I now relate. He dreamed that we crossed a river, marched over a mountain, and camped near a church, located in a wood, near which a terrible battle ensued; and in a charge, just as we crossed the ravine, he was shot in the breast. On the ever memorable 7th of December, 1862, as we moved at double quick to take our place in the line of battle, then already hotly engaged, we passed Prairie Grove Church, a small frame building, belonging to the Cumberland Presbyterians. I was riding on the flank of the command, and opposite Williams as we came in sight of the house. 'That is the church, colonel, I saw in my dream,' said he. I made no reply, and never thought of the matter again until in the evening, we had broken the enemy's line, and were in full pursuit, when we came upon a dry ravine in the wood, and William said, 'Just on the other side of the hollow I was shot in my dream, and I will stick my hat under my shirt.' Suiting the action to the word, as he ran along he doubled it up and crammed it in his bosom. Scarcely had he adjusted it before a minnie ball knocked him out of the line. Jumping up quickly, he pulled out his hat, waved it over his head, and shouted, 'I'm all right!' The ball had gone through four thicknesses of his hat, raised a black spot, about the size of a man's hand, just over his heart, and dropped down into his shoe."

☞ DUTCH.—One of our friends "had company" a few evenings since, when the euphony of different languages, particularly the German, was discussed. A little ten-year-old boy "put in his oar" thus: "Ma, I can talk Dutch." "You talk Dutch, George?—let us hear you." The young hopeful promptly gave a specimen of his lingual quality as follows: "Who's pin here since I's pin gone?"

GERMANIC.—A good story is told of a German shoemaker, who, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for the articles: "Der posts ish not quite done, but der *bed ish made out.*"

AGRICULTURAL.

A Perfect Horse.

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

In weight she might have turned, when well conditioned, nine hundred and fifty pounds. In color she was a dark chestnut, with a velvety depth and soft look about the hair indescribably rich and elegant. Many a time have I heard ladies dispute the shade and hue of her plush-like coat as they ran their white, jewelled fingers through her silken hair. Her body was round in the barrel, and perfectly symmetrical. She was wide in the haunches, without projection of the hip-bones, upon which the shorter ribs seemed to lap. High in the withers as she was, the line of her back and neck perfectly curved, while her deep, oblique shoulders and long thick fore-arm, ridgy with swelling sinews, suggesting the perfection of stride and power. Her knees across the pan were wide, the cannon-bone below them short and thin; the pasterns long and sloping; her hoofs round, dark, shiny, and well set on. Her mane was a shade darker than her coat, fine and thin, as a thorough-bred's always is whose blood is without taint or cross. Her ear was thin, sharply pointed, delicately curved, nearly black around the borders, and as tremulous as the leaves of an aspen. Her neck rose from the withers to the head in perfect curvature, hard, devoid of fat, and well cut up under the chops. Her nostrils were full, very full, and thin almost as parchment. The eyes, from which tears might fall or fire flash, were well brought out, soft as a gazelle's, almost human in their intelligence, while over the small bony head, over neck and shoulders, yea, over the whole body and clean down to the hoofs, the veins stood out as if the skin were but tissue-paper against which the warm blood pressed, and which it might at any moment burst asunder. "A perfect animal," I said to myself, as I lay looking her over—"an animal which might have been born from the wind and the sunshine, so cheerful and so swift she seems; an animal which a man would present as the choicest gift to the woman he loved, and yet one which that woman, wife or lady-love would give him to ride when honor and life depended on bottom and speed."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The Potato Mania.

The potato mania, which seems to have taken hold of all classes, the mechanic, manufacturer, merchant and gentleman of leisure, as well as the more slow and plodding farmer, increases instead of diminishes. We haven't much faith in speculations, so far as benefitting the agricultural community is concerned, but in this case it seems more probable that it will be of ultimate benefit, as it is likely to stimulate the production of new and valuable varieties. Within the last few weeks Mr. Bresee's No. 4 has sold at extraordinary prices, and the following are the figures:—

Sixteen potatoes brought $325.
Twelve potatoes brought $615.
One potato brought $50.
One was traded for a small cow valued at $60.

GARDEN SEEDS.—Garden seeds often fail, from being covered too deeply in the soil. As a general rule, it may be said that the small seeds require a very light covering. The larger seeds, as peas and beans, may be covered more deeply. Many flower seeds fail to germinate from too deep planting. We should learn wisdom from the processes of nature. The seeds that drop from the pods of flower stalks, and from weeds and grasses, receive but very slight covering or none at all, and a sufficient number of them germinate. Beet and mangold seeds often fail to germinate from being planted too deeply.—*N. E. Farmer.*

ITEMS.

One rainy day a correspondent of the Country Gentleman counted the number of clover seeds in a cubic inch, and estimated that if he had counted a whole bushel the number would have equalled 27,000,000. As there are 43,560 square feet in an acre, he calculated that one peck would furnish over one seed to each square inch of ground. His estimates showed that a trifle over one pint of seed to an acre would give ten plants to the square foot. In seeding his land he waits until all danger from freezing and thawing is passed, and has had good success with less than four quarts per acre, sown after May 1.

Vermont sugar makers are down in the mouth. No sugar weather yet, and impossible to get into the woods to their sugar camp if there were.

By the use of machinery invented within the past twenty years, the farmer's boy can often do the work of ten men.

It is estimated that there are 255,000 threshing machines in the United States, without counting the "school-marms."

If any one was ever dragged around by the hair of his head, he can guess how pleasant it is for a sheep to be hauled about by the wool.

Kennicott says plant small trees. They cost one-half less at the nursery, less in transportation, and in planting you will scarcely lose any. You can form the tops to suit yourself. Form the heads as low as you please.

If it is true, as is often said, that one of the secrets of successful farming is to sell when others are buying, and buy when others are selling, the present is just the time to buy or set out a hop yard.

The New York Farmers' Club in answer to an inquiry says: "There are now five English steam ploughs running in this country—one in Kentucky, one in Texas, and three in Louisiana. They cost about fifteen thousand dollars, and give great satisfaction, as they do the work of twenty or thirty horses, with the labor of two or three attendants. In England there are 2,000 of these ploughs, and in Egypt 400. They run a gang of from three to six ploughs, and pulverize as deep as fourteen inches. They can go much deeper if the farmer wishes. Two or three inventors are working out the Yankee steam plough. One proposes to build, for about $3,000, an engine that will move back and forth on the line of a wire rope fastened at the headlands to a self-advancing anchor."

RECEIPTS.

ROAST VEAL, STUFFED.—A piece of the shoulder, breast, or chump-end of the loin of veal, is the cheapest part for you, and whichever of these pieces you may happen to buy should be seasoned with the following stuffing: To eight ounces of bruised crumb of bread add four ounces of chopped suet, shallot, thyme, marjoram, and winter savory, all chopped fine; two eggs, pepper and salt to season; mix all these ingredients into a firm, compact kind of paste, and use this stuffing to fill a hole or pocket which you will have cut with a knife in some part of the piece of veal, taking care to fasten it in with a skewer. A piece of veal weighing four pounds would require rather more than an hour to cook it thoroughly before a small fire.

BUTTERED SWEDISH TURNIPS.—Swedish turnips yield more substance than the ordinary turnips. Let them be pealed, boiled in plenty of water, and when done, mashed with a little milk, butter, pepper and salt.

FRIED CABBAGE AND BACON.—First, boil the cabbage, and when done and drained free from water, chop it up. Next fry some rashers of bacon, and when done, lay them on a plate before the fire; put the chopped cabbage in the frying-pan, and fry it with the fat from the bacon; then put this on a dish with the rashers upon it.

SHORTBREAD.—One pound of common flour, one pound of fresh butter, one-half of a pound of rice flour; one-half of a pound of loaf sugar; beat the butter slightly, then add the sugar, and beat that well, rice and flour last; make it into one or two round cakes nearly an inch thick, pinch the edges, and if you like, ornament with comfits or slices of citron. Bake in a very slow oven, and then dust a little finely sifted sugar over. Instead of the entire pound of flour, a good part of oatmeal, sifted through a fine sieve or piece of muslin, is sometimes put in instead, as it is considered more wholesome for delicate people.

RED HANDS.—Keep some oat-meal on the wash-stand, and as often as the hands are washed, rub a little oat-meal over them; then rinse it off, and, when dry, put on a little bit of pomade, made as follows: Take three pennyworth of white wax, three ditto of spermacetti, three ditto of powdered camphor, and olive-oil enough to make it the thickness of soap; put it in a gallipot, and let it stand in an oven to melt; mix it up, and, when cold, it will be found very good for the hands. Gloves, worn either in the day or night, will help to keep the hands white.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 15, 20, 13, 22, 19, is an animal.
My 25, 29, 10, 12, is a part of the face.
My 1, 15, 3, 13, 26, 10, 22, is a man's name.
My 7, 20, 16, 18, is a vehicle.
My 13, 29, 24, 30, is a color.
My 23, 27, 21, is a number.
My 28, 9, 3, 4, is a period.
My 5, 17, 6, 9, 11, is to welcome.
My 2, 6, 17, is a pronoun.
My 14, 26, 20, 18, is an impediment.
My whole is the last words of one of Scott's heroes. ELLA.
Woodstock, New Brunswick.

Enigma.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 3, 14, 20, is a tree.
My 2, 11, 4, 17, is an animal.
My 1, 18, 8, 20, 11, 6, is a man's name.
My 4, 15, 12, 21, is an article of food.
My 9, 13, 11, 12, 2, is a fruit.
My 6, 15, 10, 16, is an article of dry-goods.
My 5, 14, 21, 9, 18, 11, 7, 1, is an animal.
My 16, 3, 13, 10, is part of a ship.
My whole is a sentiment suggested by reading an article in the Saturday Evening Post of Feb. 27th, 1860.
OPHELIA A. BAKER.

Problem.

I have two cubical stacks of hay; the side of one is 3 yards longer than the side of the other, and the difference of their contents is 117 solid yards. What is the side of each? WM. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Trigonometrical Question.

Isaac one day said to his brother Jacob: "Suppose you would own a triangular tract of land, whose sum of the first and second sides thereof would be 912 perches, the sum of the first and third sides 744 perches, and the sum of the second and third sides 648 perches; what would said tract of your land amount to at so many cents per acre as there would be number of acres in said proposed tract?" DELTA.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

The depth of water in a hemispherical bowl, 40 inches in diameter at the top, is 8 inches. Required—the diameter of a heavy sphere, which when dropped into it, will be just covered by the water.
E. P. NORTON.
Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

In a right angled triangle, the sides are all of integral lengths. The sum of the base and perpendicular is 437. What is the area of the triangle? J. SCOTT.
☞ An answer is requested.

A Puzzle.

Twice ten are six of us,
Six are but three of us,
Nine are but four of us,
What can we possibly be?
Would you know more of us?
I'll tell you more of us:
Twelve are but six of us,
Five are but four, do you see?

Ans.—The number of letters contained in each numeral.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a gallows the last refuge of a condemned man? Ans.—He has nothing else to depend upon.

☞ What celebrated author does an infant remind one of? Ans.—Young.

☞ Why is a deal door like a fox's coat? Ans.—It is fir.

☞ What makes everybody sick but those who swallow it? Ans.—Flattery.

☞ Why is a schoolboy who is beginning to read like learning itself? Ans.—He is learning.

ORIGINAL.—Mr. Editor, I send you the following original conundrums:—

☞ Why do young ladies whiten their faces? Ans.—Because they think the powder will make them go off.

☞ Why can Americans who color their hair, never become rebels? Ans.—Because rather than wear "the gray" they'll dye.
M. E. S.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Hanson. RIDDLE—John B. Gough.

TO MAKE AN EXCELLENT RAGOUT OF COLD VEAL.—Either a neck, loin, or fillet of veal will furnish this excellent ragout with a very little expense or trouble. Cut the veal into handsome cutlets; put a piece of butter or clean dripping into a clean frying-pan; as soon as it is hot flour and fry the veal of a light brown; take it out, and if you have no gravy ready, make some; or put a pint of boiling water into the frying-pan, give it a boil up for a minute, and strain it into a basin, while you make some thickening in the following manner: Put about an ounce of butter into a stewpan; as soon as it melts, mix with it as much flour as will dry it up; stir it over the fire for a few minutes, and gradually add to it the gravy you made in the frying-pan; let them simmer together for ten minutes (till thoroughly incorporated); season it with pepper, salt, a little mace, and a wineglassful of mushroom catsup, or wine; strain it through a tamis to the meat, and stew very gently till the meat is thoroughly warmed. If you have any ready-boiled bacon, cut it into slices, and put it in to warm with the meat.

CHOCOLATE CREAM.—Take one quart of milk or cream, three squares of chocolate, one ounce of gelatine, and half a cup of sugar. Scrape the chocolate fine; stir it into the milk; dissolve the gelatine in a cup of milk. Beat up six eggs; mix all together; put it into a saucepan. Let it get very hot, but not to boil; stir it while heating. Strain it into a mould; set it to cool five or six hours. When cold, turn it into a dish. Whip up half a pint of cream, and lay it round the dish.

CUP CAKE.—Three eggs, one cup butter, one cup and a half sugar, half cup molasses, one cup milk, four cups flour, one teaspoonful saleratus; spice to taste.